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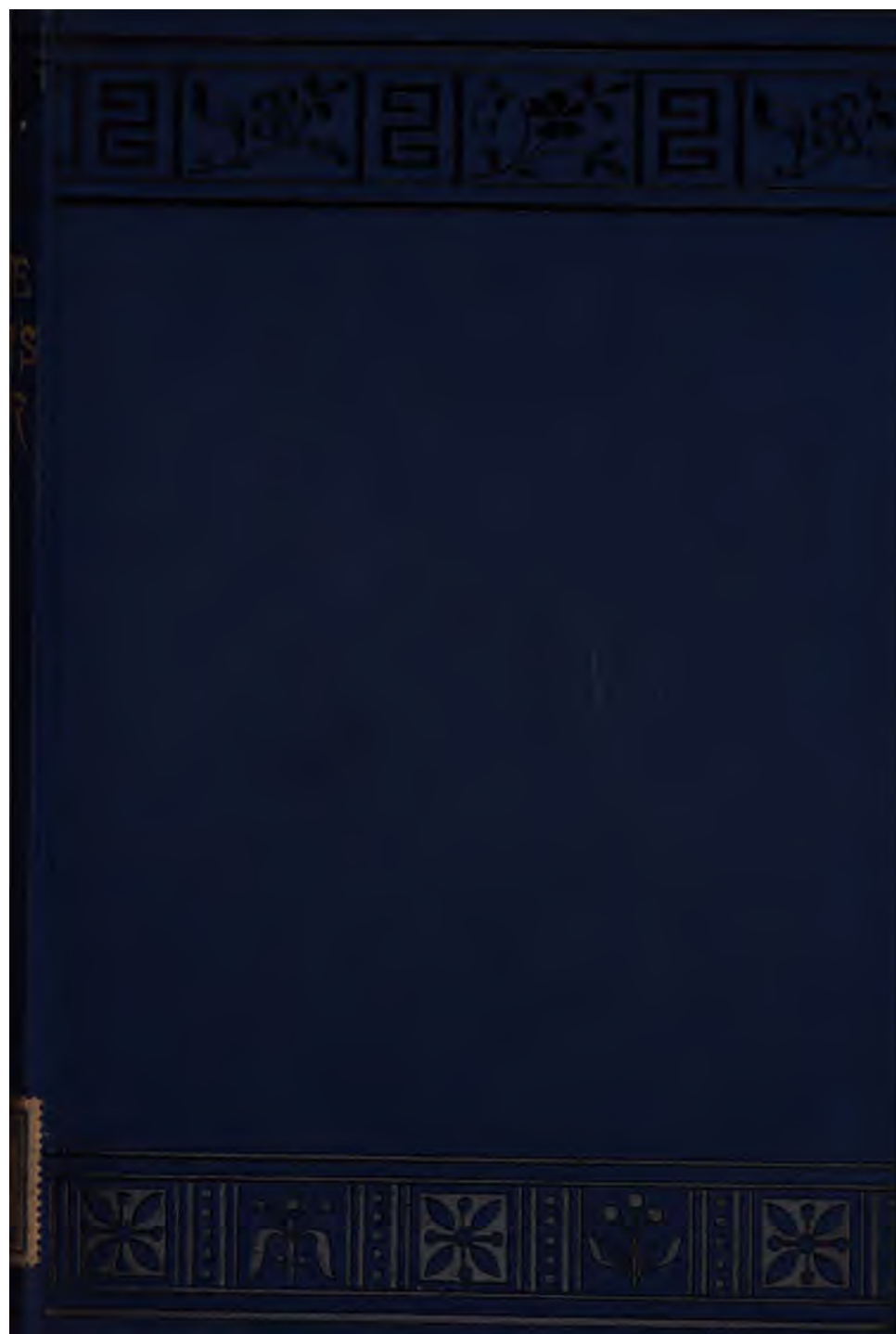
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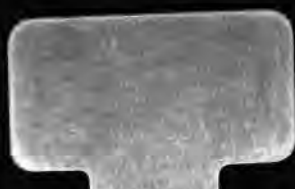
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JUSTICE WARREN'S DAUGHTER:

A Story of New England.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

BY

OLIVE M. BIRRELL.

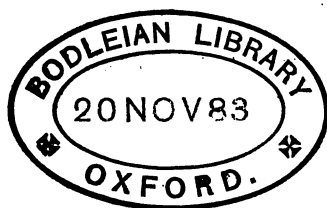
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JUSTICE WARREN'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER I.

Often in a real battle the losses on either side seem equal.
Who does win? *He who keeps possession of the field.*

DE MAISTRE.

WARREN came out of the meeting in a very uncomfortable state of mind. He, as well as Kate, entertained fears that the pillory would be the fate of his nephew, and the aristocratic blood of his forefathers burned in his veins at the mere idea of such degradation. Up to this moment he was not prepared to be the "Lucius Junius Brutus of his kind," and join with Endicott in carrying out the sentence of the law. He looked for Simon

as he came out, but saw only Kate, walking to meet him.

"Simon has gone away," she said, anticipating his question. "He is in a fever of excitement; you must be patient with him."

"Patient!" said her father; "when have I been otherwise than patient with his absurdities? The question is how long Endicott will follow my example."

"Perhaps the congregation thought you sent him out," said Kate. "I hoped so, because a messenger had just been with you."

"Then you hoped that they would believe a falsehood and be deceived," said Warren, testily. "This is the result of his influence: one fault brings another."

"I suspect we all breathed the same wish," said Keith, smiling at Kate.





"His face always changes quickly," said Harvey, "and the air of the court is close. He will recover in a few moments. Hark! He is going to pronounce sentence. The examination finished yesterday, and only the final decision of the Court is needed."

Endicott rose, and began to address the three prisoners.

"We have made many laws, and endeavoured by several ways to keep you from us, and neither whipping, nor imprisonment, nor cutting off ears, nor banishment on pain of death will keep you from among us. I desired not your deaths. Give ear and hearken to your sentence."

The attention of the whole assembly was fixed on the Governor as they waited for the next sentence, but to their utter amazement, at this point his voice, which had gradually

become more and more faint, altogether ceased, and he leaned against the table for support. There were signs of alarm among his friends, and Bellingham, the Deputy-Governor, rose and went to his side, while John Endicott, who, like Keith, had come as a spectator, opened a window to admit more air. As he was doing this, Robinson asked the magistrates if he might be allowed to read a paper which he had written the previous day in prison. The request seemed to rouse Endicott's savage spirit. He shook off his exhaustion and turned fiercely upon the man who had dared to make it.

"Silence!" he said, in that deep voice which everyone knew, sounding like the angry growl of a lion. "Does such a rogue as you presume to ask favours of this company?"

"Thou wilt do me a great kindness by allowing this paper to be read," said Robinson.

The familiar pronoun, never used in those days except to children and inferiors, or by members of the same family speaking with one another, was employed indiscriminately by the Quakers, who said they were ordered by God to treat all mankind alike, and give no titles of respect. When used by a prisoner in speaking to the judge who was passing sentence upon him, it became insolent to a degree which in the present time is hard to be realised, except by foreign nations who observe the same custom and have two distinct modes of address.

All the friends of the Quakers, and they were many, looked confounded, and John Endicott, hearing his father, as he thought,

insulted in the open court, gave an exclamation of anger, as if his patience were coming to an end.

"What fools men are!" said Harvey; "the fellow's last chance is gone. Why should he wave his flag of rebellion in this absurd way? *Thou*, indeed! It is a word the Governor has not heard since he was a schoolboy."

"They are crazed," said Keith. "Do they think it is a sin to refrain from being rude? Endicott's blood is at fever-heat now, and we shall have some hot work to pay for it. See, the man lays his own paper on the table."

Robinson leaned forward and placed the document in front of Endicott, who took it up and read quietly to the last line. Then he turned his eyes on the author and finished

the sentence which he had been in the act of pronouncing when faintness overcame him.

“You shall be had back to the place whence you came, and thence to the place of execution, to be hanged on the gallows till you are dead.”

Robinson was now led away, and his friend, Marmaduke Stevenson, brought forward and asked if he had any reasons to give why judgment should not be passed upon him, but he refused to speak, and Endicott pronounced the same sentence.

“It is a pity, though,” said Harvey; “this man is young, and looks less disciplined in the world’s ways than his friend. He is of humble birth surely, and has been puffed up with the hope of praise.”

“He is going to speak now,” said Keith, “though he refused before. His voice rings

loud and clear. These men know how to meet death; so much their fiercest enemy must say for them."

Stevenson, like Robinson, was young in years, but, as Harvey guessed, of humbler parentage. He was a farm-labourer in England when he said that the Lord called him to go on His work to foreign lands, and some of the solid determination of his class showed itself in his voice and gestures at this awful moment as he stood and addressed the Court.

"Give ear, ye magistrates, and all who are guilty for this. The Lord hath said concerning you and will perform His word upon you. That the same day ye put His servants to death shall the day of your visitation pass over your heads, and you shall be cursed for evermore. The mouth of the Lord of Hosts

hath spoken it. Therefore in love to you all, I exhort you to take warning before it be too late, that the curse may be removed. For assuredly if you put us to death, you will bring innocent blood upon your heads and swift destruction will come upon you."

Some faces among the magistrates looked more thoughtful as this warning came slowly from the lips of the condemned man, but Endicott was in no mood to be softened. He merely signed that Stevenson should be taken away and the last prisoner brought forward. As Mary Dyar stood alone before her judges a sensation passed through the court, and some muttered groans were heard, quickly silenced by the marshal.

She was very pale, but her eyes were as calm as usual, and there were no signs of hurry or confusion of mind to be seen in her appear-

ance, which was orderly and neat as ever. In early life she must have been very beautiful, for at this time, after years of hard work, frequent imprisonments, and much sorrow, she was still in the opinion of historians a "comely woman, full of sweet dignity and graciousness." She stood in front of the magistrates, waiting peacefully for her sentence, her eyes raised a little, as if she were looking beyond and above them to another tribunal, and her mouth trembling—not from nervousness, but in a manner which was usual with her when anything happened to stir her emotions deeply.

There was something so sweet in her appearance, so gentle, matronly, and affectionate, that many hearts in the room were touched, even among those who had been her enemies. John Endicott covered his eyes

with his hand. He said afterwards that he could not stare a woman out of countenance because she came before him, condemned to die. William Keith turned deadly pale and moved forward a few steps ; then, as if uncertain what he was doing, moved back ; while Harvey muttered some angry words in his beard, asking why, in the name of Heaven, a message had not been sent to her husband, that he might come and save her life.

Endicott delivered his sentence, going over the awful words for the third time, and then asked her if she had any reasons to give why it should not be carried out ; but she merely replied, with another of those bright upward glances, "The will of the Lord be done."

Such calmness in the face of judgment had

never been seen in the court before, and Endicott, who perhaps expected an outbreak of terror or feminine tears, was surprised, and for a moment disturbed in mind. His son, on the watch for the first symptom of relenting, noticed his change of countenance, and seized what he thought a good opportunity to intercede for her. "Should we not tell her husband what has happened?" he whispered. "The men will die in seven days, I suppose, but her punishment might be deferred until we have heard from Rhode Island."

His father turned upon him with angry sharpness, the more keen because he was already stung with remorse, and felt awful apprehensions lest he should be found to have sinned against God in ordering innocent blood to be shed. Pride forbade him to

change his course, and he drowned the pangs of conscience by working himself into a fury.

"Do you teach me my duty?" he exclaimed. "The world is set upside down by these fanatics, and our places will soon be wrested from us by those whom we have taught to speak. Michaelson, take the woman away. Give her no more time to corrupt the minds of men by her deceitful glances."

The unseemly taunt conveyed in these words covered John Endicott's face with crimson, not on account of the rudeness to himself, but because of the insult it cast on Mary Dyar. Her countenance, however, remained as calm as before, and when the Governor repeated his order to the marshall she replied, "Yea, joyfully shall I go," as she turned to follow him.

The business of the court was now ended and the assembly began to disperse. Keith stood for a moment outside the door, wondering how he should break the news to Kate, when John Endicott touched his sleeve.

"Where is Simon Mainwaring?" he asked.

"Out of sight somewhere, I hope."

"That girl he knew, Rose Halifax, is in the House of Correction with Mary Dyar," said Endicott. "I am afraid he will be desperate."

"I heard a rumour of this before," said Keith. "Rowley told me there was a Quaker girl his brother loved."

"She is worthy of love," said Endicott; "too gentle for this rough world. It always seemed strange that he should reverence her

as he did. In some mysterious way she had power over his wild nature and bent it to her will ; but her fate may be an awful one, and should it be, his revenge will prove yet more awful."

"Let us find him," said Keith ; "he cannot be far away. Quick, before the news is carried."

The street was full of excited people, but the two men worked a way through the crowd and went in the direction of Warren's lodgings as rapidly as their fears dictated. When they reached them they found that Simon had never been there.

CHAPTER II.

A thousand fantasies

*Begin to throng into my memory
Of calling shapes and beckoning shadows dire,
And airy tongues that syllable men's names
On sands and shores and desert wildernesses.*

Comus.

MARY DYAR and her friends had received their sentences on Thursday, and the following evening Governor Endicott entertained a number of magistrates and deputies in his own house to supper. They wished to consult privately about the best way of dealing with such strange fanatics as the Quakers, for there were signs that the people were growing angry at the severity of their treatment, and the position was critical. In order to cast a veil over the motive which had brought them together, William Keith and

Roger Harvey, who were not members of the General Court, were asked to be present, and no one outside the circle of the initiated knew that public business would be discussed.

Many persons whose names are famous in the history of the colony were around the table on that eventful evening. Richard Bellingham, the Deputy-Governor, whose sister was burned as a witch; Wilson, the minister, who once said that he should like to take fire in one hand and faggots in the other to burn up the Quakers; Edward Rawson, the secretary of the court; and others of more or less note. The elder Dudley, who had contested the office of Governor with Endicott, was dead, and his son, who lived to take a distinguished place of his own in Massachusetts, was at this time

a boy of thirteen, so that great family was not represented ; but Warren was there and John Norton, while Keith came reluctantly because he was obliged, and Harvey because he felt curious to observe the Governor's changes of colour.

The hall in which they had their meal was large and handsome. The furniture was made of oak, and at one end of the room, behind Endicott's chair, stood two gigantic suits of armour, brought from his ancestral home in England, and valued even by this stern democrat as relics of the feudal dignity which had once belonged to his race. John Endicott was not present ; he had no claim to be there, as he was not a member of the council, and, since his intercession for Mary Dyar, it was rumoured that he had been under a cloud.

Their supper over, they were about to begin the business which had brought them together, when a servant came in to say that someone wished to speak with the Governor on important matters—a stranger who would not be gainsayed.

“Bid him wait,” said Endicott, who was in the worst of humours. “What does he want at such an hour as this?”

“He says that he has facts of deep interest to tell the magistrates,” said the servant, hesitating. “We told him the Governor had friends, but he would not be driven away.”

“Bid him wait,” shouted Endicott again. “Do not stand there staring at me. Go.”

The man hurried from the room; but, as he opened the door, a strange figure entered unbidden and walked up to the table. He

was tall and thin, and wrapped from head to foot in a dark mantle, which was so large that he seemed completely swathed and hidden in its folds. His complexion was swarthy, and black hair hung loosely over his forehead, making a tangled mass, beneath which his eyes gleamed strangely out with a wild, uncertain glare, suggesting that their owner was insane. Some of the men present thought he looked like an Indian, but his skin was darker and his head more intellectual, also the hand which he stretched out towards Endicott was shapely and white, and not the hand of a savage.

“What does this intrusion mean?” asked the Governor, who was a little startled at the appearance of his unexpected guest. “You disturb our councils unseasonably.”

“I came with a message,” said the

stranger, "to you, John Endicott, and to those others who yesterday defamed the colony of Massachusetts by bloody and cruel practices."

"He is a madman," whispered Harvey to William Keith; "some friend of the Quakers, whose mind has given way at the sight of their sufferings."

Keith replied by a gesture asking for silence, as he stood with his eyes fastened on the dark face of the unknown.

"I shall go," said the doctor, "and bring one or two of the servants to help me in case this fellow grows outrageous and needs to be carried off."

He went quietly away, while Endicott looked fiercely at the intruder.

"Whom does your message come from?" he asked scornfully. "Give us your creden-

tials. We acknowledge no authority here but our own."

"You have spoken too truly," said the other. "The authority of God has been rejected among you, and henceforth you hope to obey your own murderous instincts of hatred and revenge. But the decree has gone forth. Unless you repent and release those whom wicked hands have imprisoned and cruel tongues have doomed to torture and to death, your city will be laid waste and your homes made desolate. The mouth of God has spoken it and his messenger is close at hand."

The voice of the stranger was so unusual, and his gestures so striking as he pointed with his finger straight at the heart of the Governor, that a great awe fell upon the assembly and no one durst reply. Warren

was the first to recover himself, and he stepped forward and asked, in a voice which his best efforts could not prevent from quivering—

“Who are you, who have dared to arraign the Governor and magistrates of Massachusetts on such a charge as this? What is your name, and what sign do you give that your words are not a falsehood prompted by the devil?”

“Do not ask my name, Reginald Warren,” said the unknown figure. “It would be no pleasure to you to hear it; and for a sign of my truthfulness I will show you a fiery banner, emblem of the destruction which is soon to fall on your accursed city.”

At this moment the door of the room was flung back to its farthest extent, and then violently shut, though no one could see who

had done it ; a draught rushed in from some open window, and the candles on the table were blown out. A horror which they could scarcely control laid hold of everyone present. Some shouted for lights, others tried to open the door, but found it locked on the outside ; a few laid their hands on their swords, as if the touch of the familiar weapon would inspire them with courage against a spiritual foe.

All were in confusion when a cry burst from the lips of two or three. There was a moment's pause, and every man turned his face in the dark towards that part of the room from whence the cry came. Another short silence, and it was taken up and repeated by many voices—some in accents of terror, others of prayer. The likeness of a fiery banner could be distinctly seen on the

wall opposite Endicott, and it moved as if stirred about by the wind.

One man only in the whole assembly retained his courage. His conscience was clear, and he might have said, like the knight in the poem we all know: "My strength is as the strength of ten, because my heart is pure." While everyone else gazed in awe-struck silence, as if turned to stone, William Keith tore open the curtains and admitted the light of the moon. It fell on a strange scene. All the men had gathered round the heavy table in the centre of the room, some blankly staring with terror in their faces, others turning for encouragement to their friends, while behind them tall figures which looked like warriors in armour were standing, plumes upon their helmets and iron gloves upon their hands, but stiff and cold

and motionless, unmoved by mortal fears. As the moon shone down, the fiery banner began to grow pale, and at last it disappeared totally.

“Bring a light,” said Endicott. “Will no one open the door?”

Very slowly and heavily, as if in obedience to his command, the door swung back on its hinges and the cold air rushed in from the passage. The lights were extinct there also, and far off could be heard the voices of terrified servants shrieking that a spirit in white was pursuing them wherever they went. Keith remembered that he had seen a flint and tinder-box on a window-seat in the entrance hall, and made his way there, helping himself by his touch in the dark. Mechanical contrivances in those days were rude, and the change from darkness to light could not be

made so quickly as in later times, but he accomplished his work at last, and brought back a flaring torch to the banquet-room.

"Seize the fellow who came in," were Endicott's first words.

"He is gone," said Keith; "he must have escaped when the door opened."

"Shut the outside gates," shouted Endicott to the servants who now appeared; "make everything secure; hold him fast."

"No bolts or bars will hold him in," said John Norton; "he is an emissary of Satan."

"Nay," said Bellingham, "his words though wild, had truth in them. The Court needs to learn the uses of mercy."

"At the bidding of an evil spirit?" said the Governor, with a sullen look at his colleague.

"The minister's work yesterday was badly

done," said Keith, in a whisper to the youngest of the magistrates. "He has twisted a coil which it will take months to unwind."

"Please God it may be done in the end," was the reply; "but if the Governor carries out his sentence, he must bear the guilt himself. I wash my hands from the blood of these people."

"The doctor is hurt," cried a voice in the passage. "Come quickly, some of you; Harvey is in a swoon."

Keith, who stood near the door, was the first to attend to this summons, and, hastening out, found the physician lying on the floor of an empty room quite free from bodily injury, but too faint either to speak or move. When by degrees his strength returned, he could only give an incoherent account of the

adventure which had befallen him. He left the room, he said, to bring some of the servants, and suddenly, as he walked down the narrow passage leading to the kitchen, a figure in white swept past him. All at once, he could not tell how, the candle which he held was blown out, and a cold hand touched his, saying, "Follow, follow, follow." He leaned against the wall, determined at all hazards to stay where he was, but a door behind him suddenly opened, causing him to fall backwards. Someone then dragged him across the floor and he fainted from fear. This was the story.

Every man present was now anxious to get away from a house which held such mysterious visitants. There was no need for Endicott to bid the company to disperse. They scattered, each one to his home, with-

out waiting to take leave, and the banquet-room was left in utter confusion, plates and goblets being strewn on the floor among cloaks and hats and articles of apparel, which their owners did not stay to collect.

Half an hour afterwards, when the street was quiet, two figures emerged from the shelter of a projecting doorway, and walked in the direction of the sea-shore. The tide had gone out, and with an old spade they dug a deep hole in the sands, where they buried a parcel which they had carried carefully between them.

"That is done," said Simon Mainwaring, who was the taller of the two figures. "They will be clever who search in *this* hiding-place. You are sure everything is there, Rowley?—the white sheet and the box, with all my belongings?"

"Perfectly sure," said Rowley. "Oh, what glorious fun it has been! The doctor will never forget this night as long as he lives."

"You did not hurt him?" said Simon.

"Hurt him! No, not a hair, but I frightened him out of his senses. Why did he come buzzing along the passage like a great bee, just when you had gone in, and I had all the work on my hands? I was forced to get rid of him somehow, or the game would have been spoilt, and the fun on their side, not on ours."

"Did you see John Endicott?" asked Simon.

"No, but I heard the servants speak of him while I was hiding below. They say the Governor is in a furious temper, and swears he shall not see his face until the

Quakers have been hung, to reward him for his interference. No great loss in that! I could do without seeing him for the rest of my life, and never sleep a wink less peacefully. If I were his son I would tell him so."

"Hush!" said Simon; "people may hear you."

"No fear," said Rowley. "They are all indoors talking about the ghost. I wish we were going to do it over again to-morrow. It was so glorious! I ran into the kitchen just as the cook was putting a huge pan on the fire, and he screamed until I thought you would all hear him in the supper-room. Then another man came to help him, but I blew out his light and rushed past with my long white arms spread out wide. Oh! the shrieks and cries and clamourings! Any-one might have supposed an army of living

men had invaded them, instead of a single ghost."

"Did you see any women?" asked Simon.

"No, not one. Old Endicott despises the sex so much that I verily believe he thinks they are not worthy to cook his dinner or scrub his floor."

"Who brought them a torch?" asked Simon.

"I think it was Keith," said Rowley. "Someone about his height knocked up against me in the hall as I was coming back from the nether regions. I knew that the instant they got lights the game would be ended, so I made off with the speed of lightning. I believe it was Keith. I saw the corner of his black moustache in the moonbeams."

"You will spoil all if you laugh so loudly,"

said his brother. "Hush! we are getting near houses."

"Well, I shall keep quiet if it comforts you," said Rowley, slipping his arm through Simon's; "though you take life much too seriously. If we had been caught I meant to have pretended that I was a Royalist, come over from the old country. 'God bless King Charles' I should have shouted at the top of my voice, and seen Endicott grow blue with rage."

Rowley suited the action to the word, for he took off his cap and waved it over his brother's head, until Simon grasped his arm.

"You are out of your senses," he exclaimed; "we shall be found, and our secret discovered. Remember the prisoners. What is fun to you may be the destruction of the last hope to them. Do you think I did all this for the sake of a frolic?"

"It will be a good ending of the evening's work if they are set free," said Rowley. "I will be quiet, Simon, I promise you. See, I am as solemn as the judges themselves. Only tell me one thing. How do you make that fiery light?"

"It is no secret," said Simon, "except to fools and children. These cowards might have known if they had taken time to think, but they were all too much afraid."

"Then you will show me?" said Rowley.

"Some day—yes, when the Quakers are all free."

"I shall frighten every soul in Massachusetts," said Rowley, rubbing his hands.

"Your secret will soon be found out if you do," said Simon; "but I shall not care. When the prison doors are open, my need for it is gone."

CHAPTER III.

Beauty and anguish walking hand in hand
The downward slope to death.

TENNYSON.

For three days there was profound silence in the council on the subject of the persecuted Friends, a silence which resembled the deceitful calm that goes before a storm. Robinson and Stevenson had been taken to one prison, Mary Dyar and the women to another, but in spite of every means used to keep order, the people thronged round the windows, calling out questions and words of encouragement, and listening to the sounds which reached them in return. At last the jailer removed the men to a cellar beneath the ground, where no messages of sympathy could comfort them. The news of Mary Dyar's imprison-

ment and death-sentence had been taken to Rhode Island, and one of her sons was even now in Boston, using his influence to extort a promise of pardon from Endicott, but each day his hope of succeeding became more faint. Richard Bellingham had begun to waver, but the Governor and the rest of the magistrates held to their first intentions, in which they were supported by John Norton, Wilson, another minister of eminence, and a majority among the deputies. It was evident to all that the extraordinary episode on Monday night had only confirmed them in their severity, for after the shock was over they were ashamed of their terrors, and feared lest, if they retracted, their enemies should accuse them of cowardice.

Among all the distress which prevailed, it was a matter of rejoicing to Kate that Simon

seemed coming to his senses. When called to account for his behaviour in the meeting, he said he was sorry that he had acted so rashly, and professed himself willing to make a public apology, only asking that it should not be required of him before next Sunday. Endicott agreed, on these conditions, to pass over his fault, and all danger of the pillory was at an end.

The string of beads had been given, but Simon was reasonable on this matter also. He said it related to a wager which he had with Spotted Tail about their fishing, and from the order of the beads, he perceived that he had lost. His silver medal must be given as a forfeit to the chief if he kept his word. Everyone knew how much Simon valued his medal, and some of them thought he had not always set an equal value on his

word, so it surprised them when he removed the ornament from the chain where it hung, and asked one of his uncle's servants to carry it to a particular place in the forest, and leave it inside a hollow tree, which he described carefully.

"Are you not sorry, Simon?" asked Kate. "It is such a pity to lose that beautiful medal which your mother gave you. You told me that she hung it round your neck when you were a little boy, just beginning to talk."

"Yes, I am very sorry," said Simon. "I would give my right hand not to feel obliged to send it."

"Such wagers are always foolish," said Warren, "and wrong besides; but if you passed your word, Simon, you do right to keep it. When a man swears to his own

hurt and changes not, he brings down a blessing on his ways."

A sudden rush of colour into Simon's face at this word of commendation startled Kate, who guessed that there was more in the story than appeared ; but she wisely held her peace, and the subject was changed.

On Tuesday afternoon the General Court again assembled, and some prisoners were brought before the Upper House for examination, but in order to pacify the people it was not generally known that any of these were to be Quakers. The first person led forward was a woman who had been accused of quarrelling and evil speaking. She was sentenced to stand in the pillory for five hours with a gag in her mouth. The second was a bond-servant, who had broken his engagement to work for a term of years, and

was ordered to receive twenty lashes and be sent back to his master. The third was Hope Clifton, Mary Dyar's friend, who was remanded for one week; and the fourth was a girl, who came quickly up the hall between two warders, and took her place before the magistrates unflinchingly.

The court was full of spectators at this stage in the proceedings. William Keith had come with Harvey, who was still a little the worse for his fright; Simon and Rowley were together in another part of the building, and several ministers and elders, John Norton being conspicuous among them, were also present. It was a singular spectacle they were beholding. The dark circle of magistrates, all of them elderly men, the sergeants holding halberds and forming a guard of honour, the curious upturned faces of the

people, and before them, in the place kept for prisoners, a young and fair-haired girl, evidently far advanced in consumption.

"How frightfully ill she looks," said Keith; "surely she is wasting away, and every now and then comes that hard, dry cough."

"It is true," said Harvey, "disease has taken hold of her and death will do the work of an executioner unless Endicott is in haste to be beforehand with him. Hear, the trial begins."

"What is your name?" asked Endicott.

"Rose Halifax."

"How old are you?"

"Twenty-one."

"What brought you to Boston?"

"The will of God."

"What is His will?"

"That I should warn you against shedding more blood."

"Are you a friend of that evil woman, Mary Dyar?"

"I am a friend of her whom the Lord has blessed."

"Are your parents living?"

Rose turned very pale and her eyes filled with tears. She had schooled herself to endure much, but for this question she was evidently unprepared.

"They are dead," she said after a pause, during which she struggled for self-control.

"In England! Then how came you here?"

"I followed my brother."

"What was he called?"

"Paul Halifax."

"An ill-omened name," said Endicott, aside

to Bellingham. "I remember the fellow well."

"It was given him not only to suffer but to die for his Lord," said Rose gently, though with an undercurrent of enthusiasm in her voice.

"I did him a kindness then in killing him?" said Endicott brutally.

"Thou didst open for him the gates of Paradise; that was all."

"Are you willing that they should open for you also?"

"Yea, verily, if the Lord be willing."

"Do you not see that it is right to obey authority and acknowledge those whose duty it is to guide you into truth?"

"I need no guide but the Holy Spirit."

"Will you have a minister pray for you before you die?"

"I have no need of any priest."

"Shall one of the elders pray for you?"

"I know never an elder here."

The magistrates were evidently puzzled how to act, and for a few moments they whispered together, until Bellingham rose and came forward, speaking much more gently than Endicott.

"Will you repent of your sins and listen to the instructions of Mr. Wilson? It is your duty to give yourself up to receive teaching, that in time you may profess Christ openly and partake in the Supper with His saints."

"Nay, on no account will I partake of it."

"Do you despise these remembrances of our Lord?"

"He is present with me. I need no remembrance."

"You are very young to be so obstinate. Strange and false prophets have deceived you by their words. Will you not be persuaded to give up these errors? Kneel down and say that you renounce them all."

"I have not come so far to turn back and lose my crown at last."

"Are you not afraid to go before God's judgment seat with a lie in your mouth?"

"I should be afraid. The faith for which you condemn me comes from Him; it is the truth and no lie."

Bellingham sat down again, his purpose frustrated and his face expressing deep concern. The magistrates began to consult for the second time; but they might have spared themselves the trouble, for Endicott's mind was fully made up. He saw in Rose an enemy even more dangerous than Mary Dyar,

since the contagion of her enthusiasm would spread among a class where the influence of the elder woman had not reached. Some prompt measures must be taken to check the interest which was evidently felt in her, and he resolved to give a punishment that should unite shame with suffering and rob her of all womanly charm. When he rose to his feet again, the expression of his face told the Court that his intentions were not those of mercy.

“Rose Halifax. We see that your obstinacy is greater than we at first supposed and that your errors spring from a deeper source, but on account of your solitary condition and frail person we still incline to be gentle with you. Hearken to your sentence. You shall be marked in each hand with the letter H, signifying heretic. You shall be further

imprisoned at our charges for the space of one week, and at the end of that time you shall be sold into slavery."

Many faces in the court turned pale before the sentence was finished, and as the last words were uttered, a deep groan burst from among them. This form of punishment was never popular with the people of New England, and once the sailors of a ship refused to convey two Quaker children to Barbadoes, who had been the victims of such a penalty.

Rose had evidently not looked for this sentence. Her hopes were fastened on the goal of all living, and at the sound of the last blighting word "slavery" a brilliant hectic colour rushed into her face, while she gave a wistful glance towards the people, as if imploring them for help and sympathy.

Some, forgetting their own danger, waved their hands in token of friendship; one woman cried aloud, "God bless you," and was rudely silenced by the marshal; another burst into tears and sobbed bitterly; but Rose discerned none of these things. At that moment her eyes had met Simon's, and with a cry of pain she covered her face.

It seemed terrible to stand before her lover thus dishonoured and disgraced, stared at by a throng of strangers, doomed to receive a mark which would last for life, sold like an animal for money. She wished she could hide herself, but no escape was possible; no corner existed where she could shrink away from the gaze of those curious men, who in her fancy seemed to have become giants all pressing round her and

calling her name. The sight of her burning blushes awoke more sympathy in the spectators than before, and Endicott ordered the warders to lead her away.

Had she ventured a second glance towards Simon, she might have read in his face the expression of love which nothing could kill, and reverence which through all troubles still turned to her as the queen whose lightest service was an honour. But she did not dare to look. Slowly, and with eyes cast down, she followed her jailors from that hall of misery, while the people dispersed to their various homes and the sitting of the Court ended. Before night it was generally known that Captain Keith had sought an interview with Endicott and Bellingham, and had finally renounced his position among the soldiers of the colony. When he was next

seen in public, the sword which usually hung at his side was missing ; a sign that it would never more be unsheathed in the service of **Massachusetts.**

CHAPTER IV.

You shall see how the devil spends
A fire God gave for other ends.

ROBERT BROWNING.

ON the evening of the day which witnessed the trial of Rose Halifax, Kate was sitting in the house where her father lodged, with no companion but Kezia. She knew that some very hot words had been exchanged by Warren and Keith on the subject of the Quakers' persecution, but no messenger had come from either of them, and the hours dragged wearily by while she listened, waited, and hoped.

"What do you think they will do, Aunt Kezzy?" she asked. "Shall we all go back to Salem, as we intended?"

Kezia looked dubious and shook her head.

"Captain Keith has spoken too plainly," she said. "He will have to leave the colony. Remember the fate of Nicholas Upshall."

Kate did remember, and her eyes filled with tears as she bent over the work she held on her knee. Some years before, when two Quaker women came to Boston, one of them being Mary Fisher, who had preached to the Sultan, the magistrates gave orders that none of the citizens were to harbour them, or even provide them with food. This law was proclaimed by beat of drum in the streets of Boston, but Nicholas Upshall, a man of good character and a strict Puritan, came to his door and openly protested against it, saying that he would be free from guilt in the matter, and would not join in fighting against God. Afterwards he sought out the jailor who had charge of the women, and gave him money

for their necessities. He was an old man and delicate, but for this crime of helping the friendless he was driven out of Massachusetts and wandered in the forests, relieved by pitying Indians, who, with a Christ-like goodness which white men might have envied, told him, "You are a stranger ; we are taught to love strangers," and refused to take money from his hand. At last after many trials he reached Newport, where he found a home, but never more could he return to the city whose law-makers hated mercy.

It was only too probable that Keith would share the same fate, and Kate asked herself whether in this case her duty lay with her father or with him—whether she should do wrong if she obeyed the desire of her heart, and followed her lover to a new country ; but it was not for long that her thoughts rested

on her own trials. Again and again she begged Kezia to go with her to the prison where Rose was waiting the execution of her sentence, and became almost impatient because each time her aunt shook her head and said with tears in her eyes, that they had much better wait.

"I followed the jailor's wife," she said when Kate grew more urgent. "I know her; I have nursed her children, and she was willing to listen to me, and took away a basket with food and medicine, which I packed before I went to the Court. You must remember it is a secret, Kate. If any one hears she will get into trouble on account of it; but I think now we must trust the poor girl to her. Too many visitors only raise a talk and bring the watchers down upon us."

Kate was forced to assent, and, in a short

time, she yielded to Kezia's entreaties, and lay down upon her bed while that kind woman tried to raise her spirits by talking of a possible reprieve.

"I feel sure that God will help us," she said. "Did He not send an angel and stop the mouths of the lions when Daniel was thrown before them to be devoured? and when Peter was in prison the great gate opened of its own accord to let him out."

"But these were miracles," said Kate, "and there are no miracles now. We should never expect to see a messenger from heaven going into the prison to bring Rose away. It is impossible!"

"Is it impossible?" asked Kezia solemnly. "There is one Messenger whom neither bolts nor bars can shut out, who may set her free before the morning."

"I do not know what you mean," said Kate, only half perceiving the drift of her aunt's words. "And I am afraid of many things. I am afraid of what Simon may do. He will not wait for God to work in His own way; he is desperate, and says he shall ask the devil to help him. He says dreadful things, Aunt Kezzy; but there is no wonder, for all these sights bewilder the brain, and he loves poor Rose more than anyone else in the world."

"Where is he?" asked Kezia. "Have you seen him since the trial?"

"Only for a moment, and I could not make him listen. He said he had work to do."

"I hope it is right work," said Kezia. "No good ever came of struggling with evil by adding fresh evil to the heap already there."

I wish I could find him! I think I will go to the Governor's house, and see if John Endicott knows where he is: they are often together."

"Do you think he will try to shoot the Governor or the marshal when he goes to the prison?" said Kate in a whisper.

"Heaven forbid!" said Kezia. "They are wicked men, and that I must say if I were to be brought up before the Court the next minute; but we must leave their punishment to God."

"Do not go back to your own house," said Kate; "stay here all night with me."

"Yes, I will," said Kezia; "but as soon as the darkness has fairly set in I will go round to John Endicott, and ask him to keep a watch on Simon. I can come back to you afterwards. It is nearer than going home."

While this conversation was taking place in Warren's lodgings, Captain Keith was sitting in his own room in a street not far from that where the House of Correction stood, in which Rose Halifax had been immured. He was restless and miserable, wishing every moment that he could go and see Kate, but afraid that Warren would resent a visit from him, and make it a fresh ground of dissatisfaction. His only companion was Rowley, who seemed scarcely less unhappy than himself, and, instead of sitting still kept moving about the room, and occasionally looking out of the window.

"Simon is so strange to-night," he said to Keith. "I wish I could have laid hold of him and seen what he was doing after we left the Court."

"He looked quiet enough," said Keith.

"Quiet looks count for nothing with him," said Rowley, "except by the rule of contrary. If he is quiet and knits his brows he is on fire inside. When he begins to grow excited then the mood is passing off with him. Hark! did you hear a cry?"

"I heard nothing," said Keith.

"There it is again," said Rowley.

"The street is quiet, at all events," said Keith. "How peaceful those houses opposite look in the moonlight. I can read the motto painted over the door of one of them: 'Do good and spare not.' 'Time passeth and speaketh not.' 'Death cometh and tarrieth not.'"

"There it is!" cried Rowley. "Good God, I was not mistaken."

A red glow was seen in the sky, and the sound which Rowley's quick ears had already

heard faintly became each moment more distinct.

“Fire! fire!”

“It is in the House of Correction,” said Keith.

“The prisoners will escape,” said Rowley.

“Ay, but Boston may be burnt to the ground. Quick! run to the prison and help them. I will go to Warren’s lodgings and see what they are doing.”

“You need not,” said Rowley. “The cries will reach their house as well as ours. I must find Simon. I cannot look for anyone else.”

He was down-stairs before the words were out of his mouth, and running towards the prison with tremendous speed. He was correct in supposing that the alarm had already reached Warren’s house. Kate was

tossing on her pillow when a cry from the street reached her ears. She sat up in bed and heard it again. "Fire! Fire!"

"Aunt Kezzy," she said, "do you hear?"

Kezia was preparing to go out, but when her niece called her she opened the window and saw the red glow in the sky.

"Get up, Kate," she said; "lose not a moment's time. Boston is in flames!"

Kate fortunately had not undressed. She rose and put on her cloak and hood, and while she was doing so a knock sounded at the door, which was repeated before she could answer the summons. William Keith looked in, his countenance full of alarm.

"Go to the beach, Kate," he said, "and stay in one of the boats. You will be safe there. I must help them at the prison. Go

quickly, my dear one. I shall work harder when I know that you are out of danger."

"Where is the fire?" asked Kezia.

"In the House of Correction."

"God bless us!" she replied; "which way is the wind?"

"Towards the sea," was the answer, as he ran down-stairs.

"That is a mercy, anyway," said Kezia. "The sparks will be put out in the ocean. Quick, Kate, my dear, we have no time to lose."

In the street they met Giles, the servant, who led them safely through the crowd and brought them to the sea-shore. He did not know where his master was, but he said that Captain Keith had told him to wait on the beach until the fire was put out, when he would come back to them. There was more

to hope than fear, for the prison was built of stone, not of wood, and the flames had been discovered on their first appearance.

On his way to the fatal spot Keith was overtaken by Warren, who asked if he had provided for Kate, and, receiving an answer in the affirmative, hastened with him to the prison. A great crowd had gathered there, and water was being poured on the flames. The people in the adjacent houses had deserted them in terror, for sparks were blowing in all directions, and they were made of wood and must catch fire quickly. Endicott was not to be seen, nor Michaelson, the marshal, though three messengers had been sent to summon them. Neither had any soldiers appeared to guard the prisoners, and the jailor told Warren he could not account for the delay, as he himself had dismissed a

man to bring them directly the alarm of fire was given.

Every plan had been defeated, no one knew how, and the command was taken by Simon Mainwaring, who happened to be on the spot, and had come forward instantly, to all appearance the right man in the right place. The prison officials were too glad to obey him to question his authority, and he was busy now helping the unfortunate inmates to escape from the burning house and darting in among the flames as if he wore garments which fire could not touch.

No one knew how the calamity began, and as yet no one had leisure to ask, for the house next to the jail was soon caught by the flames, and shrieks of women and children mingled with the shouts of men, while, above all, the roaring sound of the fire could be

heard as it seized on fresh food and devoured it like a famished tiger.

Rowley Mainwaring seemed overcome with grief and horror, much to the surprise of Keith, who, even in this time of confusion, noticed the change which had come over his features.

"Will you help me, Rowley?" he said; "one of the first guard lives in this corner house next the burning one. His wife is ill, and he has young children. I want to carry her to the hospital. Quick! Show your metal; there is not an instant to lose."

Rowley ran to his assistance, but a groan burst from his lips as he lifted one end of the mattress on which the woman was lying. Keith caught the children, young lisping things of two and three years, and put them beside their mother.

"Now to the hospital," he said; "steady—hold the mattress quite straight."

A piece of burning wood fell on the pillow, but quick as thought he seized it in his hand and stamped it to ashes with his boot.

"Keep up your courage, man," he said to Rowley. "You never turned so pale in the face of danger before. We are fighting for our homes and our best beloved. Do not lose heart now."

Rowley did his part in the work and then ran back from the hospital, already crowded, to the scene of the fire. His agony of mind could hardly be kept in restraint. For one moment a man stood near him whom he recognised, a scorched and blackened figure, his hair burnt away, his coat drenched with water, and a strange expression of eagerness in his face.

"Simon," cried his brother, "what have you done?"

"Nothing yet. They are all out, but I have not found her."

"Nothing! Is there only one being in God's universe? What of the numbers you have made homeless, the weak ones you have destroyed?"

"Let their deaths be reckoned to the General Court," said Simon. And he was off once more in the midst of the flames.

No visions of a late remorse haunted him as he searched among the rooms of the burning prison. His mind was occupied with other thoughts, and while a crowd of sufferers surrounded him, he felt pity for only one. It seemed impossible that she should have escaped his notice, vigilant as he had been, but a horrible fear tormented him

lest after all she had perished in the fire which his own hands had kindled to set her free.

He was searching in a narrow passage, nearly choked meanwhile by the smoke, when a door caught his attention which he had not seen before. The keys of the various cells were in his pocket. He had wrenched them from the jailor, who was glad enough to let them go and escape from the awful duty of treading those burning boards to give the prisoners liberty. The lock turned easily, and he went in, trembling from excitement and fear.

On the floor, with her head against the window, as if she had been gasping for more air, lay a white prostrate figure. Simon was just in time to save her from the flames, for they were bursting through the partition

which divided this cell from the next. His heart beat fast with triumph at the perfect success of his schemes. Now he had only to lift that slender form in his arms, pillow the golden head gently against his shoulder, and carry her out. No one could observe their escape, and on the mainland the Indian chief whom he had called to his aid by the sign of the silver medal, was waiting to receive them. Safe among the forests Rose would quickly revive, and he felt sure she could not long withhold her love from him. He had read in her eyes how much the awful sentence frightened her. It was impossible that she should refuse the man who had saved her from being sold as a slave, especially since her work was done and she had openly testified to the truth of her convictions and shown her fidelity to the Lord.

"Rose," he said, coming nearer, "Rose, dearest Rose."

A cry from the street warned him that the roof would soon fall in. He heard it echoed by many voices, calling to those still in the house to come out quickly or they must be buried alive in the fire. The urgency of the moment overcame his fear of disturbing her too suddenly, the result of that reverence with which she had always inspired him. He bent down and touched her head very gently as she lay with her face partially hidden and her forehead on her arm.

"Rose, my darling," he repeated, "will you not speak to me?" No answer came, and, filled with terror, though even yet restrained by awe, he put his hand under her cheek and turned the face upwards. The lurid light of the flames showed him the

lovely countenance which he had worshipped, lying silent in the sleep of death. A cry of agony burst from his lips. He hoped at first that he was mistaken, that fear had dazzled his perceptions, and with this idea he raised her in his arms, where she no longer refused to rest patiently, one powerless hand falling downwards until it touched his own, and the soft head with the rippling hair lying on his shoulder obedient to his will. She seemed to be smiling, but he knew this was the effect of extreme emaciation on features settled in death.

For a few short moments he stood still, enduring the anguish of a life-time; then the cries outside grew louder, and he heard his own name called. "*Mainwaring, where are you? Quick, if you want to be saved.*" He wished to die where he stood, but that

beautiful dust would perish with him if he did, and his heart yearned after it. Not so soon could he give up the treasure whose slumbering eyes he had never ventured to kiss. "*Mainwaring, where are you?*" Once more came the cry, caught up and swelled by numbers of voices. He stepped out on a narrow ledge beneath the window, which immediately gave way under his weight; but with a desperate effort, he sprang far off into the street, to be greeted, as he fell, with loud applause—the last man who left the burning walls, the hero of that awful night of flames.

CHAPTER V.

Malcolm—Dispute it like a man.

Macduff—I shall do so,

But I must also feel it as a man.

“MACBETH.”

LATE on Wednesday afternoon Kate sat beside the open window in Kezia's little parlour and looked out into the garden where, only a few short days before, she had walked with William Keith. She had been busy until now in the hospital, helping to nurse those who were suffering from the effects of shock and exposure; and her aunt was still there, having sent her home to rest and allow others to take their turn in watching. No lives had been actually lost in the fire, but many persons were dangerously ill, and the three houses which adjoined the

prison had all been burnt to the ground. It was considered very wonderful that the whole town was not in the same condition, and everyone praised Simon, who had been the first to raise the alarm.

He paid slight attention to such praises. All day long he had wandered in and out of Kezia's house, where in an upper room lay a white, cold figure, the hands folded on the breast, and the lips still gently smiling. Kate gathered fresh flowers and spread them everywhere, and when Kezia, strict in her Puritan discipline, complained that they looked like the decorations of Roman Catholics, she still persisted in having her way, only lamenting that the year was advanced and the blossoms were few. She unfastened those golden waves of hair too, and removed the white cap with which her aunt had covered

them, so when Simon came he felt no shock in seeing his beloved one. He was evidently in such extreme agony of mind that Kate longed to comfort him, but he declined all sympathy, and moreover she was busy with those in pain of another sort.

Towards evening as she sat in the dusk he came into the house again and went up-stairs, and ten minutes after Warren appeared also. He had been with the other magistrates, making inquiries as to the cause of the fire and the delay of the messengers who had been sent to summon Endicott and the soldiers of the guard. Some of the prisoners had escaped in the absence of a competent force, but Mary Dyar, Hope Clifton, and the other Quakers had stayed quietly where they were placed, making no resistance when the jailors took them to the larger prison.

Kate thought that her father looked pale and disturbed, but so did everyone in these terrible times, and she was not alarmed. He merely asked her, as he passed through the room, whether Simon had been there lately, and when she said her cousin was up-stairs, he followed him without another word. The door of that upper room was open and Simon stood leaning against the chimney-piece, his head resting on his arm. When he heard footsteps he looked up for a moment, then quickly hid his face again. The marks of suffering were so deeply engraven there that anyone but Warren would have hesitated before accosting him; but he felt no such scruples.

"Simon," he said in his peremptory tones, "turn round and attend to me."

Simon raised his head and looked round,

opening his eyes wider than usual, with a dim, confused stare, as if he saw indistinctly. The two men were brought into strange contrast. Warren's strong features and hard mouth, working with fierce though restrained indignation, and opposite to him that pale, beautiful face, usually so well controlled, but now quivering in the grasp of a new sorrow.

"I have come to ask you a question," said Warren.

"Ah," said Simon, with a tone of quiet expectancy.

"Yes—from Endicott."

He nodded, as if to say "I know what your question will be."

"You can give me relief," said Warren, his voice growing more agitated. "Say that the charge is false. Quick, answer me."

"It is not worth denying," said Simon.
"Why should I disown my act? No, it is true."

Warren fell back from him with horror.
"You did it then, endangered the lives of numbers of innocent persons—old people, sick people, women, children, all to work your own revenge?"

"No, but to save one more innocent than any of these."

"Good God!" cried Warren, "have you no moral sense? Do you not see what a fiend's part you acted? But for the mercy of Providence Boston must have been burnt down."

"I did my best to prevent such a catastrophe," said Simon quietly.

"This is madness," said Warren; "a disease of the brain and conscience, unless

some evil spirit has made his home within you, stirring you up to hideous deeds. For Heaven's sake, tell me that you repent, that it is not a monster I have been nurturing all these years, believing him to have a human heart."

"Let Endicott and the rest of you bear the blame," said Simon. "You are the evil spirits who inspired me with a motive for what I did. Here is one who can witness to it."

He went to Rose and lifted her hands gently, first one, then the other, with as much care as if she could feel the touch, and kissed the centre of the palms where the scorching iron must have burnt the flesh.

"To-day," he said, "they meant to torture you. My poor child, you have escaped in time. Was it not well to risk the lives of a whole city for your sake?"

Until this moment Warren had not perceived that the room held any other occupant, and when he did, his feelings received a deep shock, though not one which disposed him to mercy. He saw in his nephew's behaviour only a proof of idolatrous creature-worship, and instead of melting him to pity, it stirred him to fiercer wrath. Had he turned to Simon with sympathy and kindness, forbearing to reproach him at that moment for his sins while he grieved over his suffering and loss, the whole course of their lives might have been changed. A few words of affection and that icy despair must have given way and the miserable tale of sin and sorrow have been poured out to one who had experience to direct; but it was to happen far otherwise. For some moments the tramp of many feet walking in exact time had been

heard in the distance, and they halted now beneath the window.

"You are a prisoner in the name of the General Court," said Warren, putting his hand on Simon's shoulder. "I hoped to have been able to dismiss these men, but I see I have another duty."

"They may shoot me if they like," said Simon. "I am quite willing; only let it be done quickly."

The door now opened and Keith came in aghast at the news which met him below. If he had any questions to put, the sight of the white figure, whose hand Simon was still holding, conveyed their perfect answer.

"Simon," he said, going up to him, "my poor fellow!"

There was a volume of sympathy in each word, and still more in the grasp of his

fingers, very unlike Warren's touch a few moments before. Simon distinguished the difference, for his face changed and softened.

"It is too late," he said; "leave me Keith; you cannot prevent what must come."

"What shall we do?" asked Keith, looking at Warren.

"Our duty," he answered. "I have made him prisoner in the name of the Governor. The guard are waiting beneath."

Simon took a pistol from his side and began to examine it, but Warren saw his intention and wrested it from his hand.

"You shall not escape from us in that way," he said; "do not add self-murder to the list of your crimes."

By one of those quick movements which were natural to him, Simon eluded his uncle's grasp and darted from the room to a small

wooden balcony, where on many summer mornings Kezia had sat and worked. The soldiers were on the other side of the little house, and nothing intervened between him and the mainland with its forests but a stretch of soft green turf. Keith read despair in his countenance, and felt sure that he had no wish to escape from death; but he saw also the pride which would not allow him to fall without a struggle into his enemies' power. In one moment, and before Warren could intercept him, he had leaped over the balcony and was running towards the forests with the speed, as it seemed, of a hunted deer.

Warren pointed the pistol which he still held and fired, but Keith struck the muzzle upwards, and its contents were discharged in the air. The sound of the report alarmed

the soldiers, who came running round the house, while Kate, more terrified than they, rushed up the little stairs; but Simon was already out of sight, and the room held no one but Warren, Keith, and the dead.

"Thank God he has escaped," said Keith, throwing his arm round Kate, as she looked at her father with eyes dilated in horror.

"He has gone to the Indians," said Warren. "If one day the colony suffers from this escape of his, remember that the responsibility rests with you."

"I am willing to bear the blame," said Keith, "and perhaps you may live to thank me that I saved you from shedding his blood."

"I acted as a minister of God's vengeance," said Warren, laying down the pistol he still held, with an expression which betrayed the

nature of the struggle which was raging beneath his hard exterior.

The culprit he had come to arrest had escaped with his life, and his duty to the colony remained undone; but Arbella's son was safe among the forests, and stern as his creed was, many chords in his heart responded to Keith's words of thankfulness.

"What has happened?" asked Kate, when her father had gone to the soldiers and she was left alone with Keith.

"Simon sprang from the window," he answered. "How quick his movements are! He was out of sight, as it seemed, a moment after his feet touched the ground."

"But who fired a gun?" asked Kate.

"It went off in the air," said Keith, turning away and biting his lips.

He hoped to conceal what had happened,

but Kate's perceptions were too quick to allow her to remain long in ignorance.

"Oh, this is horrible!" she cried. "Every day things grow worse. What had he done? Why have these men come to take him?"

"They think he set fire to the prison," said Keith, seeing that evasion was hopeless.

Kate stood silent for a long time, looking with dim eyes towards the forest where her cousin's figure had disappeared.

"He will come back," said the hopeful Keith. "Some day in the wilderness God will find him. He is better where he is just now, than in the hands of Boston rulers."

"I wish we could go away ourselves," said Kate—"somewhere far off into places that no one has visited; we should leave all these

quarrels and miseries behind, and have only such troubles as God sent us."

"Perhaps we may," said Keith; "it is not an impossible fancy. Picture a cottage in a clearing, where we shall live and entertain no guests but the squirrels and birds, who will come to look in and see our housekeeping, except Simon. He must be one of the settlement. We shall need his clever head to make suggestions, and Rowley to keep us in good-humour with his pranks, and Aunt Kezzie to nurse us when we are ill, and Winnie, unless she marries someone in Salem."

"You leave my father out," said Kate reproachfully.

"By no means," said Keith, smiling. "A justice of the peace will not be necessary, since we mean to have no thieves and law-

breakers; but he can lay out the land and give advice about the best place for building cottages."

"This is a dream," said Kate; "a mirage in the desert!"

"No, it is not a dream," said Keith; "it is a prophecy."

He tried to speak brightly, in order to direct her thoughts from what had taken place, even while the nervous grasp in which he held her fingers showed how violent was the shock he had sustained himself. They were standing on the balcony, and he purposely raised his voice in order to drown the deep tones of Warren, who was addressing the soldiers below, and prevent Kate from hearing what was said. New life and strength always seemed to emanate from Keith, and for a few moments she looked

comforted; but when they stepped back into the room the shadow returned to her face again.

“Wherever we go,” she said, “we shall know that things which were very dear to some of us have been left behind in Boston. Love and joy and a light heart—Simon has said farewell to each of them.”

This time Keith attempted no consolation, and the hand with which he touched the flowers on the bed shook until it could hardly perform its office. His cheerful manner had only been assumed, for as they went down the little stair together his expression became more and more abstracted and melancholy, and continued so after he had parted from Kate, and was walking in the direction of the shore.

CHAPTER VI.

Nor poppy nor mandragora,
Not all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou owds't yesterday.

“OTHELLO.”

WHEN Kezia returned from the hospital and heard what had happened, her indignation knew no limit. Simon was a favourite of hers, because she once nursed him after a severe fall from a tree, and her patients always had a warm corner in her heart for the rest of their natural lives. She used to say that no one but herself “understood that boy,” and often remarked that the Shenstone family would have made better work of his training.

“It is too melancholy to think of, Kate,” she said when her niece urged her to take a

hopeful view of the calamity. "He will never come back ; he will live and die among savages. There was always something peculiar in his nature, which he got from your father's family ; but he had a loving heart, let who will say to the contrary, and so patient he was under pain. I never nursed anyone who made less complaint, even among women."

"Yes, that is true," said Kate, thinking of the silent mouth, which for weeks past had betrayed its owner's suffering only by a tighter compression.

"He treasured up the least morsel of kindness as if it had been pure gold," said Kezia, her voice trembling ; "he never in his life forgot a benefit."

"No, nor an injury either," said Kate. "This frightens me more than anything else,

for I am sure he will always hate Boston. If he were only like Rowley, he would get over it, and come to us again. I wish he were ! ”

“ That is like one of your wishes,” said Kezia, “ for ever wanting to improve on God’s works. One man cannot be made into another, any more than a rose into a black-berry bush. What we have to do is to help each one to be the best of his kind, not to change him into somebody else. If our magistrates only understood that, there would be fewer hangings and burnings.”

“ Yes, it is true,” said Kate again.

“ I am getting weary of Boston, and the turmoil they keep up about heretics and false opinions,” said Kezia. “ They do with truth as that old giant we used to hear of did with his guests. If it is too short, they stretch it

out; if it is too long, they cut it off; only, at all costs, they make it fit their creeds. Where is your father? I must speak to him about Simon."

"He went away after he dismissed the soldiers," said Kate. "He has gone to the Governor, and said he would sleep at his lodgings; so I shall go there too."

"You must not," said Kezia; "you look as white as an almond after it is skinned, and he does not need you."

"He looked so unhappy," said Kate wistfully.

"And are *you* not unhappy?" said Kezia. "You have come through a sea of trouble ever since the Lord sent that poor creature Rose Halifax to your house to be nursed. Even working for others must have an end some time. Stay here and rest. In my little

place no anxiety will be so heavy as in those empty rooms alone. You will lose your senses."

"But I mean to go, Aunt Kezzy," said Kate; "and if my senses are so unkind as to leave me, I must make up my mind to endure the parting."

"Well, have it your own way," said Kezia; "you may be right. I shall not take it upon myself to say you are not. It is a miserable state of things, whichever light you look through. If your grandfather Shenstone had been alive, he would have known how to advise us."

When Aunt Kezzy got upon the subject of the virtues and wisdom of the Shenstones it usually lasted until she received her next summons to be useful; but happily for the patience of her audience these were never far

distant from one another, and even while she spoke a knock sounded at the door.

"Mistress Shenstone is needed at the hospital," said a boy, looking in.

"Why, I left three women there, besides the one always in charge!" cried Kezia.

"What has come to them?"

"Mistress Kent has gone home to see to her bleaching," said the messenger, "and Mistress Seymour to cook her husband's supper, because yesterday was a fast day."

"Did you ever in your life hear the like?" said Kezia, turning to her niece. "If the world were all under water men would still make a fuss about food and drink. Yesterday a fast, forsooth! And he cannot dine on vegetables two days running! So his wife must leave the hospital and the sick people who need her (for she has a cool touch), to

go and cook for him, who is old enough to know better. It takes my patience away to hear of such folly."

"Then I had better stay here?" said Kate.

"No, no; go to your father," said Kezia.
"Janet will do all that is needed. But come back to-morrow, in time for that poor child's last earthly journey. Do not forget the hour."

Kate felt certain there was no likelihood that she should forget, as she walked through the darkening streets to her father's door. Whichever way she turned her eyes, that lovely sleeping face seemed to rise before them, and she wondered whether in the forest Simon were thinking of it too.

The woman who lived in Warren's house and took care of his rooms told her, when she

arrived there, that he had not yet come in ; so, faint and tired, she sat down near a window, and rested her head upon the sill. In a few minutes her father's footsteps were heard outside, not quick and clear as usual, but heavy and dragging, as if he carried a ponderous weight, and in a moment more the window was tapped by his hand.

"Open, Kate," he said. "I have not knocked at the door."

Kate went out and let him in, wondering for an instant why he should be unwilling to summon the servant ; but her wonder ceased as soon as she saw his face. It seemed hardly possible that only two hours had passed since they separated, for his whole appearance was changed, and he looked like a man who had been struck by a mortal illness : his eyes sunken, his colour grey, and his lips pressed

tightly together. They went into the sitting-room, where he shut the door and drew a bolt against it ; then tried to pull off his wet cloak, exclaiming angrily because the clasp would not obey his touch and open as quickly as usual. Kate came near to help him, but he refused with a shake of the head, working with his fingers, until he had done what he wanted, when he threw the cumbersome garment on the floor, and fell backwards in his chair with a heavy groan.

For a few minutes there was perfect silence in the room, until Wolf, the large dog, perceiving that in some mysterious way things had gone wrong, came anxiously up and thrust his cold nose into his master's hand, but Warren pushed him back impatiently. Then the next moment, as if ashamed of his petulance, he called the animal to return, and stroked his rough, kind face.

"Poor brute," he said, "thou art a fool to stay with me: it were better to go with the rest. None are blamed who desert a sinking ship."

Kate did not know what these melancholy words might mean, and looked at him with deep anxiety, though without venturing to speak, until he turned his eyes towards her, observing her face wistfully.

"I have just parted from Keith," he said in a low voice, and pausing between each of his words. "We walked from the market-place together. He is busy with that young man, William Dyar."

"Have they got a reprieve?" asked Kate eagerly.

"No; not yet."

"Then there is no hope?"

"None whatever."

Kate gave a heavy sigh, which told of a

heart as much oppressed as her father's, but answered nothing.

"Keith will not come with me to Salem," said Warren, "he is going away; he has not yet told me where, but no doubt he thinks of finding a home remote from Massachusetts. Here, indeed, he is in hourly danger, and the sooner he leaves the happier for all of us. I told him he must bear the punishment of his own folly. This liberty of conscience he prates about means the murder of souls. Truly, in my judgment, it were best to kill the bodies of men and save their immortal part, but in these days each one sets himself up to preach a new doctrine."

"But the new doctrine may be better than the old," said Kate. "In that case it is their duty to defend it."

"Ah! you take his part," said Warren;

"it is natural that you should, but you understand very little of what you say. Those who have fallen into error have done so through their own sin, and should be dealt with accordingly."

"Yes, but not by their fellow-creatures," said Kate earnestly. "There is guilt in error, I make no doubt. If our hearts were single we should see the truth, but what measure of guilt or to which of us it belongs, only He who reads the heart can tell. Therefore with Him must rest the sentence."

"Is that your judgment?" said her father, looking at her sadly. "*You* also have turned down the new paths, and forsaken those which are marked with the footprints of saints and heroes. Keith has taught you his lesson well."

"It was not from him I learned it," said Kate in a low voice.

"He has more to teach you yet," said Warren. "You say that truth might be found by each of us alike if our hearts were single, but he has cast aside that doctrine with all the rest. He speaks of truth as limitless : talks some folly about our finite natures which will permit each person to perceive but a fragment of the wonderful whole, and just now he declared to me that the doctrines of the Quakers are false only when we view them apart from the others, as an object seen by itself may appear monstrous, until the whole scene rises before us, when it falls into its right place. But I do wrong to repeat his moonshine ; these are the vagaries of an excited brain."

"There must be right and wrong somewhere," said Kate, looking confused. "The Quakers say that we ought not to partake

in the Supper; that is either true or false."

"He weaves a romance to meet that difficulty also," said Warren. "We have leaned on ordinances until we are in danger of losing our souls by a dead faith, and the Quakers, in their revolt against our sins, have gone too far on the other side. With such arguments as these he would bind our hands from inflicting punishment! He actually dared to tell Endicott that the barren formalism of many ministers in Massachusetts must first be changed to living faith if we desire the sect of Quakers to be converted from the error of their ways."

Kate sat in silence, feeling that the present moment was not favourable for argument, and after a short pause, her father said in an altered voice—

"Let us leave this weary subject : our time together is short, and there are many things to say before we part."

"Before we part ?" repeated Kate. "Are we not going home in company ?"

"Did you really think we were ?" asked Warren, fixing his eyes on her with a grave look of inquiry. "Tell me, my child, do your thoughts still turn to Salem when you speak of 'going home' so hopefully ?"

"I have known no other home," said Kate ; but she felt immediately that the words sounded cold, and her father's face, which had brightened for a moment, became once more full of despondency. Before he had time to reply, someone knocked at the door and Kate went to open it, a faint hope crossing her mind as she did so, that the new-comer would prove to be Simon. Perhaps

Warren shared the same feeling, for he rose in his chair and looked eagerly towards the door, falling back the next instant with a sigh of disappointment as Rowley came in. He had evidently expected to find Kate by herself, and when he caught sight of his uncle an expression of dislike, almost of repugnance, passed over his face, usually so bright and good-natured, while he stopped suddenly in the middle of the floor, as if uncertain whether to go forward or back.

"I meant to take leave," he said. "I am not coming to Salem."

"Will you not sleep here this evening?" said Kate. "Your room is prepared for you."

The words had hardly passed her lips before she regretted having uttered them, because in the same moment she caught sight of her cousin's face, and knew instinctively

that he had heard of the scene in the cottage, and shrank with horror from her father's company.

"No, I cannot," he said in a low voice. "I shall leave Boston early to-morrow."

"Where are you bound for?" asked Warren.

"To the woods first with my gun, afterwards to join Keith."

"You will need money; shall I give you some?"

"No, I have all I want."

"You had better put a few more gold pieces in your purse," said Warren; "money is useful everywhere."

"I have enough," repeated Rowley; and again that look could be seen.

Kate came near, as if she meant to say good-bye, but whispered instead—

"Take my father's hand before you go; do not leave us in this way; he is suffering torments."

Rowley could not resist this appeal, but unlike Simon he possessed very little power of hiding his real feelings, and though he approached his uncle, the shivering reluctance with which he did so was plainly visible. Warren knew that he appeared to the young man in the light of a murderer, and awfully as the knowledge pained him, he was too proud to let his agony betray itself in words.

"Take back your hand," he said; "never greet me again in this world unless the time should come when you can do it with sincerity. Farewell, and the blessing of God go with you."

Kate hoped that her cousin would relent

on hearing these words, spoken by one to whom he owed everything he possessed ; but his feelings had been too deeply outraged. He came to her and kissed her cheek more than once, as if he were trying by the warmth of his leave-taking to atone for the pain he had caused ; then, without looking again at Warren, hastened downstairs into the street. A long silence followed his departure, until Kate ventured to come near her father and put her hand gently on his shoulder. The touch seemed to rouse him from a gloomy fit of abstraction, for he gave a startled look upwards, scarcely remembering that he was not alone.

“ Art thou here still, Kate ? ” he said. “ I fancied all had left me.”

“ I have not left,” said Kate. “ I shall never go while you wish to keep me.”

"That is a rash promise," said her father, "for I shall always wish to keep thee ; but it cannot be. Thy lot is with the man thou hast chosen for a husband. He is brave and honest, though for the moment his head swarms with vain imaginings. He will be good to thee, Kate, else had I not yielded what seems mine rather than his. Thou, at least, canst not blame me, nor call me to account for having caused thy sorrows."

"But if I go you will be alone," said Kate, more frightened than soothed by the unwonted gentleness of his manner and the affectionate mode of address, not often used between them.

He did not answer, except by a movement of his lips, which resulted in no sound.

"How can I go away unless you come with me?" said Kate, rising and taking his hand,

which felt damp and cold. "I do not understand. How is it all to be?"

"I did not think there was so much need of explanation," said Warren, forcing himself to speak. "I thought Keith had been before me and told you all. It is briefly this. He wishes to take you with him, and I have given my consent that he should. You shall never live to tell me that I have ruined your life by selfish grasping; and, after all, what should I gain by refusal? I cannot clear your mind of these delusions nor cause you to love him less by keeping you apart. So you are free to go from me, Kate. I never change my word nor take back what I have given; but remember, both of you, that I cut the roots from my own tree of life when I said, Farewell. Remember it, Kate, and think tenderly of the past."

His eyes were still fastened on hers, as if he were trying to see the thoughts of her heart ; and his fingers played with her wrist, unwilling to lose their hold.

" But what if I will not go ?" she answered. " You cannot send me away if I choose to stay."

" Keith will not be satisfied," said her father. " He asks no more than his right, To-morrow you will see him and be persuaded."

" No, I shall not," said Kate. " My mind is made up ; I shall stay with you."

Warren's face, which had been deathly pale and drawn into hard lines, now suddenly flushed and softened, but it was only a passing gleam like the first, and changed as that had done into a look of deeper dejection.

"Do not let us give each other more pain," he whispered. "It is over now, dear child. See, I have renounced my claim—given thee up, and made Keith rich and myself desolate. It is my own free gift. No one has compelled me to it."

"But I also am in earnest," said Kate. "I will not be given away. I do not choose to go. He will understand: he will think I have chosen rightly. We can wait and trust one another until things change—till he comes back, or you go to him. Only I cannot leave you now, while you are unhappy and need me. I should be wretched. I *must* stay. There is no use even trying to think differently."

"Wait a while," said Warren. "Consider before such a promise is made. The sacrifice may be harder than thou canst bear. I

am old and my strength is fast leaving me. I shall soon be dreary company."

The tones of his voice as he said this went to his daughter's heart, and her eyes filled with tears. She could not doubt by whom her help was most urgently needed. Keith was young and had a light conscience and cheerful nature. Her father was advanced in years, and carried a burden much heavier than it was possible for anyone with life still half-untrodden fully to understand. Kate did not quite understand it, but love came to the help of her experience, and made her tender and wise. She felt sure that left to himself he would sink into utter despondency, and wear out the measure of his days in fruitless remorse and regrettings. It is true that the complete meaning of the sacrifice flashed upon her as she remembered that

her lover might think her cold, but to forsake her father at that crisis of his life seemed as cruel as to desert a wounded man lying crushed on a battlefield.

"I will not go," she repeated. "We must wait and hope. While you need me I am here."

Warren's hands unloosed their clasp. He had nerved himself to make a great sacrifice by renouncing his last treasure in life, but this sudden change was too much and vanquished his strength. No words seemed forthcoming, and he fell back in his chair utterly exhausted, while Kate leaned against his shoulder and caressed him, as she used to do when she was a child. He was conscious of a strange bewilderment of ideas, as if, after all these years, his wife had returned and taken her place at his side just when his need was the sorest. In the dim light

he could almost have persuaded himself to believe that it was really she who stood beside him with her dark eyes and hair, and the long white hand, whose shape he knew, stroking some of those heavy lines from his forehead. It was an undeserved blessing that Kate should cleave to him and refuse to be parted; and he felt there were depths in God's mercy which as yet he had never fathomed.

"It will not be long that I shall need thee," he said; "only a little while, and Keith may have what he is waiting for. But for that little while thou wilt stay beside me, Kate; thou wilt not weary and count the hours till they are past?"

"No, indeed," said Kate, smiling as she held back some tears. "Before very long we shall all be together."

But after they had parted, and she was in her room alone, a terrible feeling of desolation came over her. Was this to be the end of her dreams and hopes—a long separation and an awful blank of silence, instead of the life they had planned, where every trouble was to be shared and every joy made greater by dividing? She never regretted what she had promised to do. Until the last hour of her life, that evening remained with her as a blessed recollection; it might have been one of poignant heart-searching remorse, but the sacrifice cost her an agony of suffering, and was harder by far than any of those self-inflicted ones which God has not required.

Long after the street was quiet she sat by her window, looking at the familiar objects, dimly seen by the light of a faint moon, and wondering meanwhile how her days would

pass when Keith was no longer with her ; whether she should have strength to meet her duties with a brave heart, and go through the dreary hours from sunrise to sunset without breaking down or revealing the weight of her sorrow. There were many other wakeful eyes besides her own that night in Boston. Keith and several of his friends had met together under cover of darkness to discuss plans for the liberation of Mary Dyar. Some workmen were busy on the Common putting up a scaffold, which must be ready for Thursday, choosing the night to labour in, because they feared interruption from the people. Those whom the fire had injured were tossing on beds of pain, and in their dungeons the imprisoned Friends were looking for the first grey streaks of dawn, and praying that they might be faithful to the end.

CHAPTER VII.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not—like the quarry slave at night
Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach the grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him and lies down to pleasant dreams.

W. C. BRYANT.

THE fatal morning dawned bright and fair. It was the 27th of October, which this year fell upon Thursday, and the usual weekly lecture must be attended before the execution of the Friends could take place. Kate shut the door and window of her room and tried, poor girl, to shut her ears to sounds and her heart to thoughts of sorrow, but the attempt was very fruitless. William

Keith did not come to see her as she hoped. He was still trying to get a reprieve for Mary Dyar, but as each hour went by without bringing news, she began to fear that his efforts were unsuccessful.

Rowley's bright face and good-humoured chatter would have been welcome in such forlorn circumstances as these, but his wish to leave Boston was too strong to allow of delay. He had whistled to his dog and gone in the direction of the forest at a very early hour that morning, and Kezia saw him pass her window, looking drooping and downcast, while she was at her early meal. She called to him to come and share it, but he only shook his head and walked on faster. His love for Simon, in spite of many quarrels in the days of boyhood, had been very great, and he felt utterly forlorn without him and

bewildered in mind, like a man who has lost his leader.

The sermon which the magistrates heard in the meeting-house was very dull and discursive, no allusion being made in it to recent events—which was well, since Warren was present; he sat with his arms folded and his head sunk upon his breast, apparently an attentive listener, but in reality paying no heed to a word that was spoken. He was chiefly conscious that at the same hour last Thursday Simon had been sitting on his left hand, after he called him to receive a message, and he remembered that several times he had felt him tremble and make a movement as if to spring on his feet. It would have been easy to devise an excuse for sending him away before the effort to restrain himself became too severe, but

Warren had never been in the habit of considering the feelings of others on points like these. He was more disposed to blame them for having such feelings, and to think that it would be better if they resembled himself, who never gave way nor let his emotions conquer his reason. This had been his state of mind last Thursday, but a few hours can work a great change, and in the new light which had flashed upon him, his want of sympathy was seen for the first time as a sin.

It was intended that the execution should take place on Boston Common, and a band of two hundred soldiers was drawn out to escort the prisoners and guard against a popular outbreak. Colours were flying and music playing as the procession set off for the place of doom. In the centre walked the

three condemned ones, whose sand of life was running fast to its conclusion. William Robinson looked tranquil as ever, though a slight nervous twitching of the eyelids showed that he was putting force upon himself, and fully understood the solemnity of this last act in his earthly existence.

Stevenson was also composed and quiet, but the attention of the shouting multitude was chiefly bestowed on the majestic figure which walked between him and his friend. Mary Dyar placed one hand in his and one in William Robinson's, as if she felt that her courage was needed to sustain theirs, and because they both were young, regarded them as sons in the faith. Her noble features and warm expressive smile never looked more beautiful than on this day of tumult, when she walked through the town which condemned

her, followed by the people whose souls she loved.

For a few moments, on approaching the Common, she glanced wistfully around, hoping to see the man for whose salvation she had prayed with strong crying and tears, but he was not there. The murmurs of the mob had already been loudly uttered because their Governor was absent from the sight he had prepared for his people. Michaelson, the marshal, saw this earnest look and made it the occasion for a cruel taunt. He hated her because she always seemed to elude his vengeance. He could order chains to be fastened on her hands, he could imprison her body in the lowest dungeon, but that calm spirit no human power could bind, and his gross nature made him consider that her wonderful tranquillity was an insult offered to himself.

It was not many years after this that another prisoner for conscience sake, a Quietist, whose enthusiasm equalled Mary Dyar's, wrote from her cell—

My very dungeon walls are dear
Because the God I love is here.
They know who thus oppress me,
'Tis hard to be alone,
But know not One can bless me,
Who comes through bars and stone.

The liberty which only God can give came to the French prison and cheered the heart of Madame Guyon with the same wonderful power which was sustaining the courage of the suffering Friends in New England now. Is it wonderful that their persecutors became enraged, feeling that they might heat the furnace seven times hotter than it was before, but the bodies of those they wished to torture showed neither burn nor scar, because

Another walked with them, whose form was like the Son of God ?

“Are you not ashamed,” said Michaelson, “to go hand in hand with two young men, stared at by a whole city-full ?”

Mary Dyar looked him full in the face, but no blush came into her cheek.

“Nay,” she replied ; “this is to me an hour of the greatest joy I ever lived in this world. No ear can hear, no tongue can tell, and no heart can understand the sweet incomes and refreshings of the Lord which I now feel.”

Michaelson's face flushed with anger, and it seemed as if the colour which his insult had no power to bring into her cheek, had dyed his own with scarlet.

“Move on,” he said. “Sound the bugles !

Quick to the Common! Are we going to spend the whole day in the journey?"

The music struck up, and Robinson, who tried to speak, found his voice completely drowned. "This is your hour and the power of darkness," was all that could be heard, though his lips moved and he seemed to plead earnestly with the people. Wilson, the minister, was walking with the marshal, and he drew near the prisoners to speak to them, while they were waiting for the gallows to be prepared. Robinson and Stevenson, faithful to the opinions which they held, had kept their heads covered during each interview which was granted them with Endicott, except when he ordered their hats to be removed by force, and on this occasion they obeyed the same rule.

"Are you not ashamed," said Wilson,

"such jacks as you,* to come before magistrates with your heads covered?" He asked the question in a loud voice and then glanced at the people who stood near him for approval; some were silent, others burst into an uproarious laugh, but one man cried "Shame, forbear!" Stevenson seemed to be pained by this act of unkindness, coming at a time when the worst criminal expects to be treated with courtesy, but Robinson answered bravely, throwing a touch of sarcasm into his words, "Mind you, it is for wearing hats we are condemned to die."

He was the first to suffer. Before he died he wished once more to defend his faith to the people, and said earnestly, "We perish, not as evil-doers, but as those who have manifested the truth," but Wilson cut him

* This term of contempt "jack" corresponds with the slang word "cad" more nearly than any other.

short, crying roughly, "Hold thy peace; art thou going to die with a lie in thy mouth?"

The last words from his lips which reached the listeners were these, "I suffer for Christ, in whom I live and for whom I die." Stevenson followed the next; his pale countenance and broad strong-chested frame coming into marked contrast as he stood on the ladder, facing the crowd of spectators. Like his friend he declared his innocence of any crime save obedience to Christ's law, and his soul passed away, while his last utterance still thrilled the hearts of those who heard it, "This day shall we be at rest with the Lord."

Mary Dyar stood patiently waiting for her turn to come, her eyes closed and her lips moving, as if she were engaged in prayer, until the executioner signified that he was

ready to perform his task, when she looked up and with a smile answered that she was fully as prepared as he. A mob of Roman Catholics would have passed the time in prayer, and the familiar sounds of "Jesus, have mercy! Blessed Mary, receive their souls!" might have reached the ears of those condemned to die, but these people were of another mould. They neither prayed audibly nor uttered oaths, such as disgraced an English crowd under like conditions, but stood grimly silent or muttering words of doubtful import to one another.

For one moment there was a pause. A covering for her eyes was needed, and some in the throng, eager for delay, hoped there would be difficulty in procuring it, but Wilson was ready with his help. He took a white handkerchief from his pocket and gave it to

the executioner. The handkerchief was adjusted ; then all knew that the last anguish was at hand, and looked more earnestly at the serene womanly figure, standing on a ladder exposed to the gaze of a multitude, but preserving her magnificent calm unbroken, the most peaceful soul at that moment in the town of Boston. Many covered their eyes and sobbed, others looked at her and took courage.

Suddenly a cry was heard, far off at first, but coming nearer and nearer. The executioner stopped in his dreadful work ; the guard of soldiers set up an answering shout. A man riding a grey horse was seen on the edge of the Common, and when the eyes of the multitude were directed to him, he raised himself in his stirrups and waved a white scarf over his head. Everyone knew what

the signal meant, and from hundreds of voices burst the cry, "*Stop, stop! she is reprieved!*"

The rider came nearer and they saw his horse's flanks all splashed with mud and foam, and his own figure half clothed, for he had thrown off cloak, boots, and sword-belt, to lighten his weight and bring him on the spot in time. In another moment his face was visible, pale and damp, with open lips and dim straining eyes, which scarcely seemed to see where he was going; but the people raised another cry, a shout of praise and welcome, as they recognised William Keith. He rode up to the officer in command of the guard and gave him a paper on which these words had been written in haste—

"Mary Dyar reprieved, forty-eight hours only. John Endicott."

The prisoner was immediately unbound, and looked about as if daylight were bewildering and painful to her. She had renounced all earthly hopes and passions, had prepared her soul to die, and already tasted the joys of Paradise in communion with her Lord. It seemed dreary to return to the chances and changes of this mortal life when the gates of that blessed one were opening to receive her. Like another martyr who said, when they took him from the flames, "Did you envy me my happiness?" she longed to be set free, and in the silence which followed the first rapturous outbreak of applause, her voice might have been heard entreating those around her to finish their task.

"Unless the Court will promise that no more blood shall be shed of my people, it were best for me to suffer here. My work is

not accomplished; the end for which I laboured is still far off."

But Endicott's will must be obeyed, alike in mercy and in judgment. Slowly she was led down the steps in tears, which she had climbed with joy, hoping to be in heaven before another hour had passed, and taken back, this time companionless, to her desolate prison.

CHAPTER VIII.

Oh waly, waly, but love be bonny
A little time while it is new,
But when 'tis auld it waxeth cauld,
And fades awa' like morning dew.

OLD SONG.

“REPRIEVED for forty-eight hours!” The words reached Kate’s room, where she was beginning to prepare for her journey, and brought her to the window, doubting whether she had heard them aright. Tristram Craddock was passing by, the young man whom Simon and she had met the day they came to Boston, and she signed to him as he looked up.

“There is good news, Mistress Kate,” he said, well pleased to be summoned. “Endicott has granted a reprieve. Forty-eight hours, he says, but I think it will be extended

and become a free pardon. Keith brought the news : he has been with the magistrates since daybreak."

"Has Mary Dyar gone back to prison?" asked Kate.

"Ay, for the present."

"And the men?"

"They have been executed."

Craddock told nothing of the scene he had witnessed at the foot of the scaffold ; where the bodies of the two murdered ones lay for hours without being touched, and then were thrown into a pit, carelessly dug by the people, who, for their own sakes, judged it best to give them burial. He saw Keith coming down the street in a small carriage, driven by John Endicott, and pointing him out to Kate with a smile of congratulation, went his own way, while she closed her

window and prepared for a meeting which must hold more pain than pleasure.

Captain Keith did not look like a man who had gained a victory. He was more depressed than Kate had ever seen him, and his voice shook as he told her how Mary Dyar received the news of her acquittal. When Kate spoke of her husband and the tidings of joy which would soon reach him, she noticed that his face did not brighten, and he said under his breath: "But it is all of no use; she will return to Boston."

Gradually the history of his own plans was unfolded. Thomas Macey, a man of stainless character, who lived in Salisbury, Massachusetts, had sheltered some Quakers during a heavy storm, and brought himself into such trouble by so doing, that, like Keith, he was compelled to seek another home. He took

his family with him, and, accompanied by two of their friends, Edward Starbuck and Isaac Colman, they sailed in an open boat to the desolate island of Nantucket, willing, as Macey expressed it, "to go to the ends of the earth to find peace." Another party of colonists was now about to join them, and Keith had resolved to make one of the number, and lend his aid in the work they had to do. Kate listened with deep interest as he told her the names of his friends, names which were shortly to become famous, and be the first of long families of good men.

The voyage would be perilous, and their first arrival could not be otherwise than stormy and wild, but their hearts were light and their courage high, and outward obstacles would not daunt them. Women were to be of the party, for each man went accompanied

by those who were dearest to him ; but when Keith said this wistfully, his eyes fastened on Kate's, she surprised him by springing from her seat, and crying, " What shall I do ? I have promised to stay with my father." He could not believe that he heard correctly, for from the first he had never doubted that she would wish to come, knowing as he did how completely her heart belonged to him, and what a lonely, disconsolate place Salem would seem after he was gone. When he did perceive that she was serious, and meant to take upon her a cross so heavy that Mary Dyar's in comparison became almost light, an anguish of disappointment laid hold of him, which for a time swept away all self-restraint.

" Was her father more to be pitied than others ? " he pleaded. " Surely his own need

was greater, and his claim upon her equally strong. Had she considered what terrible days would come for her when they were separated by the ocean, and the slightest communication would be impossible? It was cruel; it was wicked to think of such a thing as being parted now."

"But everyone is leaving him," said Kate. "I am the last. Simon has gone and Rowley. Rowley would not speak to him, nor even touch his hand, and I think the Council have blamed him because of Simon's act. He is alone and broken-hearted. If I go away there will be no one left."

"There is Kezia," said Keith recklessly; "let us ask her to go to Salem."

"She has her own work to live for," said Kate; "she cannot do mine."

"And Winnie?"

"Winnie is of very little use."

"And because you are of use, must you feel obliged to sacrifice your whole peace and happiness to do what others might do if they tried?"

"But this is my work, not theirs," said Kate. "It is given to me, and I cannot leave it undone. I should be miserable if I did; no help to you, only a burden to myself. It is not a cross I have laid on my own shoulders; it was put there, and though it is heavy now, it will get easier in time, and when the right moment comes, I shall be able to lay it down."

"How many years do you purpose to live apart?" asked Keith, looking at her with eyes so full of pain that she covered her own. because she could not endure their gaze. "Shall you come if I return for you? I

meant to have proposed that plan. I can go and make ready first, and then come back and take you out with me, when the home is comfortable. In twelve months, Kate—shall you be ready then? Twelve weary months. You will not think your duty keeps you away from me when I return?”

“I am sure that my father will not wish to stay in Salem much more than a year,” said Kate. “Just now he cannot bear to go, and give up the hope of hearing from Simon.”

“In twelve months then,” said Keith, “I shall come back and look for a fulfilment of your promise. I wish we had been married, Kate, and then you could not have shaken me off so easily.”

“Have I done it easily?” said Kate, looking at him with her white face.

“I should have been better pleased if

you could not have done it at all," said Keith.

"Then you would have had a coward for your wife," said Kate; "someone not to be trusted, who would have run away when there was any danger."

"As Rowley has done," said Keith, glad to have a victim upon whom he could vent his wrath; "he should have stayed with your father, common gratitude required it; but he has no endurance. I have noticed that many times before."

"He was in great trouble and confusion of mind," said Kate; "Simon and he were more to each other than many people supposed who only saw them occasionally. I think he could scarcely help doing what he did. Besides, if you think he has shown himself weak, you ought not to want me to be like him."

"I am not sure that I do," said Keith "but just now I am miserably disappointed and therefore unreasonable and disposed to find fault. Half an hour ago I felt tolerably cheerful, but the light has gone from all our schemes and a cloud seems hanging over everything we mean to do."

Kate ventured no consolation, as her own heart was not particularly gay, and she could not help wishing that she were going to a new and unexplored island instead of returning to the empty house at Salem. Perhaps Keith perceived this, and the fact that she was so clearly unhappy may have helped to give him encouragement and lighten his own sorrow. Certainly he became more like himself, and when the time drew near for Kate to go to the cottage, they parted more brightly than they had met one another.

"Oh, Aunt Kezzy, do you think I have done right?" said Kate, when the little funeral was over, and they were alone in the cottage; "have I been as cruel to him as poor Rose was to Simon?"

"You would never have had a moment's peace of mind if you had gone," said Kezia; "your father would not have lived many weeks after and then, where would have been your happiness?"

"But he is so wretched," said Kate, "and twelve months is such a long time."

"It will pass," said Kezia cheerfully. "I do not think that your father will stay in Massachusetts longer than he can help. Perhaps before the year is out we shall have good news of Simon, and things will brighten for all of us."

"Should you have done as I did in my

place?" asked Kate, looking up wistfully, "or do you think—"

But her sentence remained unfinished, for she caught an expression on Kezia's countenance which never in her life had she seen there before, and which made her wish her words unsaid.

"Do not speak of what is past," said Kezzy, "there is no use. Perhaps I should. Perhaps I should not. My life is no copy for yours. No," she added; "and please God, its end will be different."

"It may be the same," said Kate, a little frightened, and believing for the first time with all her heart in Kezia's love-story.

"I do not think it will," said the elder woman kindly. "We never see two leaves exactly alike; and it is not often that two lives copy each other either."

"You have more courage than I," said Kate; "you must have borne trouble better."

"I am not sure that I did," said Kezia.

"I know I left Holland with my heart half-broken. I thought it was my duty to go, and he was obliged to stay with the rest of our people who remained behind in Leyden with Mr. Robinson, the minister you have often heard me speak about. When you and Winnie used to ask me questions about Leyden, I always tried to change them by beginning to describe some other place. No town in the world will ever be so dear to me as Leyden was; we met each other there, and every corner of the streets had a sort of charm hanging over it."

"Then you left him there, and came to England," said Kate, "to join the *Mayflower* at Southampton."

“Yes,” said Kezia. “The twenty-first of July was our last day in Leyden, and there were meetings for prayer, and Mr. Robinson preached a sermon, but I could not listen to a word. My heart was too full, and it seemed as if God Himself were speaking to me by His solemn providence. The next morning we went to Delft-haven, and a great many of our friends came with us. I do not think there was one who lay down that night: the time was too short for all we had to do and to say. There were parents and children, and brothers and sisters, who knew that in a few hours they must part, never to meet in this world again. He came with me to the boat, next day; the small boat which took us to the *Speedwell*, in which we sailed, and I remember his last words as he put his hand in mine. Sometimes, Kate, I

wish my memory did not hold things so clearly."

"Then you came to England in the *Speedwell*," said Kate.

"Yes, and afterwards joined the *Mayflower*. For many months I looked for him in my new home; he had promised to follow us, but we heard nothing until years had gone by, and I was a grey old woman. There, that is all—never mind, my dear, I did not mean to make you cry. Everything was ordered by God, and my life has not been unhappy nor useless."

"Did you not feel sorry that your duty took you away, Aunt Kezzy?—Did you not wish you could have waited in Leyden?"

"No," said Kezia, with a sudden flash from her large dark eyes, which gave them for the moment some of the brilliancy of their youth—"no, I never did. If love cannot

stand fast through a separation, it is not worth keeping. *That* was the darkest moment of my life, when I was forced to say to myself : *This love is not worth keeping*. I became so changed afterwards, I was afraid lest I should grow bitter and unbelieving and hard, doubting the truth of everything that seemed noble and good. But that danger was passed safely, thank God. He showed me the way to escape from it."

"I never thought you had suffered so much, Aunt Kezzy," said Kate, with remorse in her tones.

"Of course you did not," said Kezia; "you had no experience to teach you. Young creatures always feel as if the world were new, and no others besides themselves had ever lived in it. Dear me! we do not want the children looking up in our faces and asking how the wrinkles came there. The comfort

of life would be gone if they were not light-hearted and unsuspecting. Do not blame yourself, Kate, my dear, and do not take my troubles as a pattern for yours. I had never meant to speak of them."

"They cannot be quite the same," thought Kate, "for our love *is* worth keeping;" but she said not a word of this to Kezia, and from that day a bond was formed between them, which was one of the greatest comforts in her aunt's life, and lightened their troubles for each of them.

The next day Kate returned home, carrying one piece of good news, though all the rest was sad. Mary Dyar's reprieve had been exchanged for a free pardon, and she started on her journey to Rhode Island, escorted by two men, a few hours after Kate and her father embarked in a small fishing vessel to go by sea to Salem.

CHAPTER IX.

Friends watch us, who have touched the goal,
They urge us come up higher.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

WHEN Kate arrived at her father's house she was met in the porch by Winnie, who looked flushed and excited, a condition so unusual with her that even Warren observed it. As soon as the girls were alone, Kate was surprised to feel her neck suddenly embraced and an agitated question murmured in her ear.

"Have you heard, oh, tell me, have you heard?"

"Have I heard what?" asked Kate, without paying much attention to the rules of good speaking.

"Did you meet any one on the way," said

Winnie, "since you came into Salem, I mean?"

"No one except Martin Prynne."

"And did he say anything to your father?"

"I am sure I cannot recollect," said Kate; "he never does say much, you know; I think he muttered some words between his teeth, but I paid no attention to them."

"Are you sure it was he?" asked Winnie.

"Yes, of course I am sure," said Kate, beginning to fear that her friend's senses were leaving her. "No one else in Salem has such red hair or walks so awkwardly. I was afraid he would knock Giles against the wall when he went by."

"He was excited to-day," said Winnie, "and he wanted to talk to your father very much, so no doubt he appeared not to see

where he was going. As for his hair there may be different opinions. *I* should not have described it as being red, it is brilliant auburn."

"You have sometimes called it red yourself," said Kate, surprised at the offence betrayed in her friend's tone. "It signifies very little what name we give to it, we need not dispute about such a trifle."

"But it is not a trifle," said Winnie, "it is very serious; I mean it is most important. Not the colour of his hair of course, but that I should even seem to speak disrespectfully of such a very good man as he is, *that* would not be a trifle."

"Tell me what has happened, Winnie," said Kate, beginning to perceive the drift of these wandering remarks.

"Nothing has happened," said Winnie.

"Oh dear, what have I said ? I cannot be engaged, you know, until your father has been asked, and he ought never to have spoken to me. I would not for the whole world that any one should know it. They would think I was so wicked, not fit to be married to a minister's son if they knew I had heard before any one else in Salem."

"Then he has asked you to marry him."

"Oh, no ; oh dear no, Kate ; do not put it in that dreadful way. Only Mary Prynne slept with me while you were all away, and in the night she confided to me his secret, and she told him what she had done, and he thought that since she had been so indiscreet, it was his duty to come and tell me that he would never ask me until he had received your father's permission."

Martin Prynne's ingenious device for mak-

ing an offer of marriage under pretence of explaining the reasons why he should refrain from doing it, struck Kate as so absurd, that she gave way to a fit of laughter, the first for many days.

“Why should you laugh?” said Winnie. “It is very unkind. I did not laugh when I heard that Captain Keith was in love with you.”

“I am very sorry,” said Kate. “I will not laugh any more. He is very nice, Winnie, and I am delighted. I am sure my father will consent at once.”

“And you do like him,” said Winnie beseechingly; “at least you will like him, and you do not think me very wrong for letting his sister speak to me.”

“I think it was the best thing she could have done;” said Kate, “and I am sure he is

very good. I always remember how kind he was to poor Mistress Mowbray when her husband died last year."

"Now tell me why you are so unhappy," said Winnie, "and why have not Simon and Rowley come with you?"

Kate told all that had happened, and for a few minutes her friend looked distressed, but before long some footsteps were heard on the path outside, which drove melancholy ideas into the background, and flushed her cheeks with crimson.

"There he is!" she exclaimed. "O Kate, I wonder what your father will say to him!"

"It is not he," said Kate; "it is Giles, bringing Simon's dog and gun; he left them both behind in Boston."

"Poor Simon!" said Winnie automatically;

then after an instant's pause, the colour came into her pretty face once more. "Here he is, I am sure I am not mistaken now. Look, Kate, tell me if it is he."

"Yes, it is," said Kate, whose sense of the ludicrous was touched by all that had happened in her absence, while at the same time she felt disposed to accuse Winnie of needing more maidenly reserve. Certainly she herself had received Captain Keith's attentions with much more composure, but then her feelings did not lie on the surface. One thing was evident: all hope of assistance in household matters from her friend was over, and she must make them her own care, difficult as it was in her present mood to fix her thoughts upon them. The event proved that she was not mistaken. Warren gave his consent to Martin Prynne's offer, and from

that day Winnie conducted herself like a girl so hopelessly and violently in love that even to expect rational conversation from her was impossible, much less interest in the affairs of others. She paid attention to nothing except the sewing necessary for her bridal outfit, and as Martin lapsed into the same condition their families were both delighted when the wedding day was over and the troublesome pair had gone to their own home, from henceforth to conduct their love-making in private.

"Are you not glad they are off at last, Kate?" said Ralph Prynne, a boy of twelve as the party came back from the meeting-house. "Martin may pour the milk into his own beer-jug as often as he pleases. He has done that five times lately, just because he was thinking of Winnie, and we have lost

half our supper. I cannot think what makes people so foolish !”

“ Wait a few years and find out,” said Kate.

“ Never, never, never !” said Ralph, stamping his foot at each word, with more violence because his sister, who was with Kate, laughed at him. “ I mean to go and fight with the Indians, and there are no such creatures as girls there. Mother says a soldier ought not to marry. She said so yesterday, when—”

“ There, that will do, Ralph,” said Mary Pryne; “ we cannot listen to you any longer,” and she drew Kate away, knowing too well what the end of the sentence would have been. Such comments as these were often made in the weeks which followed Winnie's wedding, but Kate became brave

enough to meet them at last without shrinking.

In the month of March William Keith's prediction was fulfilled, and Mary Dyar returned to Boston. Very shortly after her release, she left Rhode Island and started on another missionary journey unknown to her husband, who had long since given up all hope of controlling her movements. Three months passed before she ventured to turn her steps towards Massachusetts, but during those months the sufferings of the Friends had not been mitigated; more victims were every week added to the list, and many hearts among the people were burning with sympathy for their wrongs. The news of her return soon reached the magistrates, who were amazed at her courage, and ordered her instant arrest. Then followed a strange

scene, as for the fourth time she was brought before Endicott.

"Are you the same Mary Dyar that was here before?" he asked, not because he doubted her identity, but because he wished to prove to all witnesses the justice of her condemnation.

"I am the same Mary Dyar," she replied.

"You will own yourself a Quaker, will you not?"

"I own myself to be reproachfully called so."

She was taken back to prison, and once again her friends tried to obtain the remission of her sentence. From his desolate home in Rhode Island William Dyar wrote a letter to the General Court, so truthful and touching, that even after the lapse of two centuries it

is scarcely possible to read it without feeling a throb of answering sorrow. After explaining that she left home unknown to him he goes on, "If her zeal be so great as thus to adventure, oh let your pity and favour surmount it and save her life. I only say this. Yourselves have been, and are, or may be, husbands to wives, so am I, yea *to one most dearly beloved*. Oh do not deprive me of her, but, I pray, give her me once again. Pity me ! I beg it with tears."

But the Court was obdurate, and for the last time she was led before her judges and the awful death sentence pronounced.

"This is no more than thou saidst before," she replied calmly.

"But now it shall be executed," said Endicott. "Therefore prepare yourself for nine o'clock to-morrow."

Once again the gloomy procession reached Boston Common, halting beneath the shade of the scaffold. They asked her, as they had asked Rose Halifax, if she wished for the prayers of a minister to aid her in the last extremity, but she replied in the same words, "I have no need of any priest."

It was proposed then that the people should pray for her, and she said quietly, "I desire the prayers of all the people of God." Some one in the crowd cried out, "She thinks perhaps there are none here." There was a short pause while she glanced around, observing the faces of her tormentors, and then made answer with unruffled gentleness: "I know but few here." Once only her peace was disturbed when she heard her teaching maliciously reported: "It is false, it is false!" she cried. "I never spoke those

words." Wilson, the minister, was present as he had been on the first occasion, joining his insults to those of the other officials. He called to her to repent and to give up these delusions of the devil, but she answered, "Nay, I am not now to repent." One of the others cruelly shouted in derision, "Thou saidst thou hadst been in Paradise," a taunt which might well be suffered to pass from our memory if it had not drawn forth so sweet a reply: "Yea, I have been in Paradise several days." With these words on her lips she went behind the veil, "To where beyond these voices there is peace."

Who are we to judge each other and to say such deeds as this will never find acceptance with God! The most ignorant and mistaken acts, if done for love of Him, may possibly be laid in His vast treasure-house,

and, like Aaron's rod which budded, their dead branches may shoot forth living fruit. Many souls on hearing of devotion like hers have been quickened into new life, and the enthusiasm which has seemed wasted in acts of sacrifice has passed into the existence of others, who, labouring in the same vineyard, added knowledge to their zeal. Some of the Puritans who stood beneath the scaffold on Boston Common and witnessed the execution of Mary Dyar were inspired by the sight of her sufferings to ask questions which might otherwise have slept in their minds. Like Keith, they became champions of the human conscience and dared to believe that each soul is answerable only to God for its religious beliefs. Others learned by her sweet patience that the grace of God can work without help from outward aids, coming down in silence

and only known by its fruits. So, in one way or another, the labour is done and the path cleared for the coming of the King.

CHAPTER X.

My heart is sair, I dare na tell;
My heart is sair for somebody,
I could wake a winter night
For the sake of somebody.

ROBERT BURNS.

WINNIE was married in January, and from that time the troubles which beset Kate's life seemed to become daily more heavy. Keith was able to send her one long letter, in which he described their voyage and the appearance of their new home. He was cheerful now as always and very confident of success, but she gathered from a few stray allusions that their hardships must be severe, and even perceived a tone of thankfulness in the letter, as if he were glad he had not brought her with him to share their first trials. Nantucket promised well for the future; its physical advantages

were by no means small, and he told her how much amused he was to find honey-dew on the grass, remembering the stories related by Northmen, the first discoverers of the island, about some wonderful dew they had tasted when they landed there many years before.

He told her also of the first Sunday morning after he and his friends reached their port, and described the service they held on the beach, when the sound of their hymns blended with the soft murmur of the sea, which was almost as still as glass, except where the water rippled on the shore. "Far better to worship God by the ocean than in a Boston meeting-house," he wrote; "but how strange it seemed, to stand as we stood there, exiles because we had pleaded for liberty of conscience, and to remember that our fathers were driven into banishment for the same

crime! Have we less right to defend our liberty than they; or have the persecuted learned to become tyrants and oppressors in their turn?" This was the only letter Kate ever received. There was no room for much surprise as vessels came very seldom from Nantucket, but she felt sure he would have written again if he could, and feared lest some of his messages had been lost.

Rowley was the cause of her next anxiety. He did not succeed in finding his brother in the forests, but his purpose of joining Keith had never been strong and was soon set aside in favour of another plan. The events of the last few weeks had inspired him with a hatred of colonial life and turned his thoughts in the direction of England, where he fancied he should be able to live as he pleased. So, a few days after Winnie's marriage, he started

on the voyage home. The same relations who had been glad to get rid of him when he was a troublesome boy, gave him a sufficiently warm welcome when he returned as a man, and in a very short time he had taken his place amongst them, making himself a great favourite with all.

It was a fortunate event, from his own point of view, that the Restoration of the Monarchy followed so soon after his arrival, for then he found himself living in the atmosphere of pleasure which suited him better than any other. The influence of early education clung about him still, giving, as it often does, a horror of actual vice that no degree of temptation could overcome; but he felt no compunction about wasting his time in the pursuit of enjoyment, and worked harder to attain this end than he had ever

done while serving as a soldier in New England.

On Sunday afternoons the hall in his eldest cousin's house used to ring with shouts of laughter as he rehearsed one of John Norton's sermons, or gave out a hymn in a peculiar nasal twang which the smallest child in a Boston meeting would have pronounced a parody of their singing. On one point only he defended the Puritans, and he did it with more vehemence because his own reputation as a warrior hung on the decision. "Ah," he used to say at the end of some of these performances, "they were good people though, and they knew how to *fight*. If it were a question of scalping Indians now, or running to meet the enemy with a shower of poisoned arrows whistling about the ears, not one of you could hold a candle to them!"

Kate had never thought her cousin was likely to be happy in Massachusetts and would have acquiesced quietly enough in his departure, especially as she knew nothing of the temptations which were sure to surround him in England ; but the shock to Warren was very great, and on this account she felt it an additional trial. From the time Rowley sailed, her father never seemed able to smile. His troubles were increased by the coldness with which many of his friends treated him. The Puritans were very hard in their denunciations of error, and they considered that Warren's culpable weakness in the guidance of his nephews had been the cause of Simon's misdemeanours and had threatened the State with danger. It was gradually found out that during several months Simon had been in the constant habit of attending meetings

of Friends, where he had made the acquaintance of Rose Halifax, and that on more than one occasion he had saved the worshippers from discovery by giving them timely warning of the proceedings of the magistrates. His position as secretary to his uncle had enabled him to find out much which was unknown to ordinary citizens, and the General Court felt its dignity compromised when a traitor was discovered lurking in the camp.

Endicott was furious with anger, and spoke openly to Warren of the duty of retiring from the council, even should the people of Salem wish to send him as a representative again. John Norton chose the sin of Eli as a subject for his sermon on lecture day, and every one knew whose shortcomings had furnished him with a theme for his discourse. Warren withdrew altogether from public life. His

appearance changed suddenly, and his hair became as white as snow. He seemed to find his chief pleasure, or, to speak more truly, his greatest alleviation of pain, in rapid walking, and for many hours at a time would go the rounds of his farm, attending to all details of management, and refusing help from any one. Wordsworth's description of an old man in grief was literally true of him during those melancholy months :

Whether it was care that spurred him
God only knows, but to the very last
He had the lightest foot in Ennerdale.

From these expeditions he returned, sad and exhausted, to eat with no relish and sleep without refreshment. Sometimes on dark winter nights Kate came near him as he sat in his arm-chair, and, putting her head against his knee, cried silently from sympathy with his sorrow ; but more often she assumed

an air of cheerfulness, and sang favourite songs while knitting by the fire, hoping to catch his ear and divert his thoughts.

Summer passed and autumn came, bringing several weeks of rainy, disconsolate weather. One day Warren was overtaken, when far from shelter, in a thunderstorm, and caught a severe cold in consequence, which would not yield to remedies, until Kate becoming alarmed sent to Boston for Roger Harvey, the physician. He did not admit at first that the case was serious, but day after day passed and no improvement was seen, only a gradual slipping away of strength and deepening depression of spirits. Kezia came at the first tidings of illness, and proved such a blessing in the house that Kate understood better than ever before why she was sought after by every one in times of need. Warren

did not care, however, for any nurse but his daughter. He was glad to know that Kezia was there and relieved by some of her devices to soothe his pain, but whenever there was an interval of ease his eyes always turned to Kate. One night in the month of October he was lying very quietly, and she hoped he felt less uncomfortable than he had done for many days past, when suddenly he looked up and asked a question which filled her with fear.

“Is this the twenty-fifth of October?”

“Yes, it is,” she replied unwillingly.

“The day of the fire,” he added, and for a few moments nothing more was said, until he began to speak in a much lower voice, pausing for strength between the words. “I always hoped I should not die without seeing him, but now I begin to fear.”

Kate looked at the thin changed face with tears in her eyes, and had no consolation to offer. She felt sure that even should it come to pass that Simon wearied of his life in the forest and wished to join once more in the pursuits of civilised men, he would never think of Massachusetts as a resting-place. The report of the gun fired from the cottage balcony must still echo in his ears, as it evidently did in Warren's, preventing his heart from turning towards home with repentance and love.

"If he comes," said her father, speaking in the same low voice, "you will see him, though I shall not. Tell him from me all that I wished to say. Do you understand? Have I expressed myself?"

"Yes," said Kate, "I quite understand."

His eyes closed, and the subject was never

again mentioned between them. The weight of repentance which lay at his heart could not be explained to one of another generation, strong as the tie was which bound them together. Once when alone with Kezia he spoke of Simon, and dictated a short letter to Rowley, but she felt that the effect to break through his reserve was injuring him, and did not seek to prolong the conversation. It was late in the month of November that the end came, and sad as it was, all who loved him were glad that he should enter on another life, where his burden of regret would be laid down, and he might still be permitted to pray for the souls which God had entrusted to his keeping.

Kezia never returned to Boston. She stayed in the old farm at Salem, and helped her niece to live through some most dreary

days, when the news they longed for seemed tardy in coming. Kate did not yield to sorrow. She worked hard and became as useful as Kezzy herself among the sick people in the settlement. Many interests filled her thoughts, but whenever she felt free to go where she wished, her steps turned to the shore, where, with her knitting in her hands, she sat and looked at the ocean.

"Do not go so often to the sea, my dear," Kezzy would say; "it is not good for you."

"I can knit faster there than anywhere else," said Kate. "I am not wasting time."

"No one ever supposed you were," said Kezia. "You will knit until the needles get fixed in your hands, I believe, but it cannot be good for you."

"Oh, yes, it is better than anything," said

Kate. "I like to watch the white sails of the fishing vessels; they look so beautiful against the blue line of sky"—

She did not finish her sentence, for the next words would have been : "Any of these white distant sails may one day be *his*." Very often Kezia and she used to speak of happier times which were coming, and Kate made her aunt promise to go with Keith and herself to the island, instead of remaining alone in Salem.

"There are sick people in Nantucket as well as here," she would say ; "so your work will follow you, Aunt Kezzy."

"My work will leave me," said Kezia. "I am fifty-seven, my dear, and already I seem to feel my nerves beginning to shake ; but that must be the case wherever I am—there or here."

"Then you will come with us," said Kate.

"You will have some trouble if I do," said Kezia; "at least, I am afraid you will. If my wishes were granted, I should wish to die in the way that gave least trouble to all around me."

"That is a characteristic wish," said Kate, smiling with some of her old mischief. "As if you ever could be a trouble to any one, you dear Aunt Kezzy."

They were sitting in the room where Winnie and Kate had been spinning on the evening Rose Halifax came to the house. Kate felt restless, and, putting away her work, walked towards the upland pastures. The care of the farm was often an anxiety to her, for everywhere she thought she could see signs that the hand and eye of a master were wanting; but her nature was not one to

brood over troubles which could not be helped. She did her best, and where her powers failed, bore the loss it involved patiently. Kezia was less disposed to be resigned, and often was heard to complain because she could not be in six places at once, or do the work of all the idle people on the premises.

This afternoon Kate looked around, and decided that the condition of her fields was promising. Then she leaned against a gate, with her face towards the sea, and remembered that to-morrow would be the fifth of March. The limit which Keith set to his absence had long since passed, and still he did not come. All kinds of possibilities floated through her mind, for she knew that some of his letters had failed to reach her ; but Aunt Kezzy said that ill news always

flew fast, so she dismissed her fancies, and tried to feel hopeful. A few sounds in the distance startled her for a moment, as she fancied she heard Leo, Simon's dog, barking, and voices calling loudly ; but they died into silence again, and still she leaned on the gate and watched. Then a hand was laid on her shoulder very softly, and she turned round, thinking that Winnie had come up to see them, and had followed her to the fields. But the face which she saw was not Winnie's, and all at once her senses seemed to fade away ; the whole scene melted into mist, and when next she came to herself she was lying on the grass, with a familiar cloak beneath her, whose colour and texture she knew, while Keith leaned over her in terrible anxiety.

"Kezia warned me," he said, "but I was too impatient to wait. I am so sorry."

"It is I who should be sorry," said Kate.
"I am quite well now. See, I can get up."

And she tried, but was obliged to fall back against his shoulder, feeling as weak as a very little child.

"There is no use," she said; "I am going to be very foolish."

"You are tired," said Keith; "worn out with cares and watching."

There was a tremor of alarm in his tone, which roused Kate more than anything else could have done, and made her second attempt to rise more successful than the first.

"I am quite well," she said—"at least I shall be now that you have come back. Only it seems like a dream, and I must hold your hand lest it should melt away and I should awake—"

Kezia sat by the open window and waited for their return. Perhaps she did not expect them to come very quickly, for she was not in the least impatient when the shadows grew long on the grass and still the sound of their footsteps was unheard in the distance. Her heart felt very light and contented, and not at all lonely, though no one came near her for more than an hour; she was beginning to feel an old woman, who had more need to look forward than back, and her times of loneliness were over. The sun had quite gone down when the two figures she was waiting for passed beneath the window. Keith as slender and active as ever, but a good deal older in appearance, and with a graver expression in his bright dark eyes than she remembered to have seen there in the days when he first came to ask Warren for

his daughter. Kate less brilliant than she used to be then, but softer, sweeter, more thoughtful, richer in all those experiences which make the most precious part of life. They were a very beautiful pair, and yet Kezia felt the tears spring into her eyes as she looked at them.

"I am so happy, Aunt Kezzy," whispered Kate, "not with the excited happiness I had once before, but something far better. I cannot tell you what it is like."

"God bless you, dearest," said Kezia. "You see I was a true prophet: I told you that after the storm would come peace."

CHAPTER XI.

May I reach
That purest heaven, be to other souls
The cup of strength in some great agony.
GEORGE ELIOT.

KEITH had no desire to remain long in Massachusetts, and Kate agreed with him in thinking that a new home would be better for both of them than the old, especially as Kezia was to be their companion. On one account only did she regret leaving Salem, and her last words to Winnie were very earnest and sad.

“If you hear any news of Simon, be sure to let us know, and tell him that I had a message from my father to give, and have wished to see him more than any one else in the world, except my husband; indeed there

have been times when I could have parted with my whole earthly happiness more easily than with the hope of seeing him again."

Winnie looked astonished but promised to do as she was asked, and very soon the ship which carried Kate to Nantucket was out of sight on the ocean.

Some months had still to pass before any tidings reached her of Simon, and when at last they came, it was through an unexpected channel. There was one man in Massachusetts whose heart had very early been fired with a wish to help the Indians, so rudely invaded by armies of white men. While the other ministers in Boston were denouncing Quakers and stirring up persecution, John Eliot, or, to give him the name which all succeeding generations have gladly pronounced as his right, "Eliot the Apostle,"

was labouring among the savages, whom he loved for his Master's sake. Many stories are told of his devotion and ardour in the work, of the benevolence which made him unwilling to keep more than the barest necessities of life for himself, and the boundless charity that covered a multitude of sins, always refusing to admit that any soul however degraded was ruined past hope. The most miserable people found an advocate in him, one who was ready to suffer trials of all kinds, if by so doing he could lead them back to God, and thus wherever his presence came it seemed to bring confidence and rest.

During the summer of 1661, while he was making one of his missionary journeys, a messenger was sent to him, asking if he would visit a certain tent, where the "son of a chief" was dying in great pain. Eliot had

some knowledge of medicine and was quite accustomed to act as a doctor in cases of illness ; he started at once and soon reached the spot which was pointed out, but his surprise was unbounded when he passed through the narrow entrance of the wigwam, for instead of the red-skinned face of a savage, his eyes fell on the wasted features of a white man. Like every inhabitant of Boston, he had heard the story of Simon Mainwaring, and now as he drew near the forlorn bed of skins where the invalid was lying, the particulars of the sad history rushed into his mind and he knew by whom his help was needed.

“ Can I do anything for you ? ” he asked, with one of his most friendly smiles.

“ I do not need help,” said Simon. “ I suppose some of the men went to bring you.

I did not tell them to go. I said I liked best to be alone."

"That is a pity," said Eliot; "for I believe I can make you more comfortable: it is worth while trying, at all events."

This time he met with no reply, only a long inquiring look, which seemed to say "What sort of a man are you who meddle with my affairs?" It was difficult to offer kindness under such difficulties, but Eliot would not be hindered. His first care was to admit more air by pulling down some shrubs which grew outside the entrance to the wigwam; then he moved about, doing various small things to make the tent comfortable, while Simon lay still, gasping for breath and watching him.

"Thank you," he said, with a tremendous effort, when the work was done; and it almost

seemed as if the words would have choked him, so much did his pride rebel against their utterance.

"I have not finished yet," said Eliot; "I want to contrive a pillow for you next; you are not lying quite high enough, and this bed should be nearer the entrance; you need air."

Whether Simon's physical wretchedness overcame his aversion to let himself be touched by a Boston minister, or whether the charm of Eliot's voice was beginning to work, it would be hard to say, but certainly at this point he yielded, and allowed his visitor to do as he pleased. Eliot made a short medical examination, and found he was suffering partly from the effects of a fall, but there were symptoms of a deeper malady, and he did not venture to give expression to his

opinion, with those dim blue eyes fixed earnestly on his face. While he hesitated, Simon spoke out.

"I do not want to live," he said. "If I am dying, say so. I shall be delighted to hear it."

"I do not think you are," said Eliot; "you have exposed yourself and got wet through many times over, I should say; slept on damp ground, perhaps, without being protected; and the end is that you have taken cold, but you are not likely to die yet."

"There is work before me, you mean," said Simon; "choking and suffocating, and all that. I am glad you took down those shrubs: I have more air. Good night. Thank you."

He turned his face away, and Eliot felt himself dismissed in a manner which would

have prevented most men from ever offering their services again. He went to his own tent, but his mind was not at ease. His wish, until the present moment, had been to travel in another direction, and visit a chief whom he knew, an intelligent man who would help him with the work which lay nearest his heart—the translation of the Bible into the Indian tongue. His whole aim in life just then, was to perfect himself in the language of the people amongst whom he laboured, and if he stayed to nurse a white man, his time, so far as this was concerned, would be entirely thrown away. Still Simon's face haunted his memory, and the hopeless dry despair of his voice was unlike any he had ever heard before. At last, he decided to stay, and let the great labour of his life wait for a more convenient opportunity.

The invalid had a wretched night, and was still coughing on his uncomfortable bed when his friend of the former day came back to see how he was going on, and was received with a look of unutterable surprise.

“ You are going to stay with me ! ” he exclaimed.

And Eliot nodded kindly and said—

“ Yes, of course.”

With these words their communication ended, for Simon, always taciturn, was now too ill to talk. Eliot had medicines, and the Indian servant who usually came with him on his journeys made himself very useful, so by degrees the condition of the sufferer improved. He was not a tractable patient, but he could not show as much temper to a man old enough to be his father, as he would have done to one nearer his own age, and Eliot,

though very gentle, had the decisiveness of a clever doctor who was resolved to see his prescriptions obeyed.

On one point only he was compelled against his own judgment to yield to Simon's wishes. He would have liked to pray in the little tent, which so soon would be the scene of the last agony, but his purpose was resisted with all the force of the young man's will. Such horror and aversion were expressed in his face when Eliot mentioned his desire, that the subject had to be quickly changed, and for many days was never again alluded to by either of them.

"Do not talk to me about God," he said, in his feeble dying utterance, "I cannot bear it. You are very kind, but if you must speak of God, I had rather you went away. I am so sorry to hurt you, for you have

been very good to me, but I cannot bear it."

Eliot yielded, as indeed he was obliged to do, and made no further attempts to pray. Yet his kindness never ceased, and hour by hour he was at hand, ready to comfort, relieve and amuse, devising various little entertainments to help the weary afternoons away, and so watchful meanwhile, that the smallest change in the symptoms of disease was noted by him. His faith in God was too strong to allow his spirits to sink, and he never doubted that the prayers he could not utter aloud would all at last be granted, and the wilful soul beside him be led to the feet of Christ, but sometimes he wondered whether his plan of silence were the best, and blamed himself for want of skill and perception. He need not have feared—

For mercy has a human heart,
Pity a human face ;
And love the human form divine ;
And peace, the human dress.

While he waited and loved and hoped, a witness for the Father, whose voice Simon had never heard before, was each day speaking to his heart with greater power and distinctness. For a short time in the month of August there was some improvement in his symptoms and he was able to have his bed moved outside the tent and lie in the sunshine with all the wraps which could be found carefully folded round him. These were occasions which Eliot seized to devote to the work of translation, and Simon watched him with great curiosity.

"What are you doing?" he asked, as the Indian servant came from the tent, bringing a collection of papers.

"You can look if you like," said Eliot,

putting one of his beloved sheets in the wasted fingers.

"It is a translation," said Simon, some of his old eagerness waking up. "Is this what you do when I am asleep in the morning? I have heard you talking to Nasutan about it. Why did you not tell me? I can help you."

"Perhaps you could," said Eliot, for the first time remembering that his patient knew the Indian tongue more perfectly, perhaps, than any white man in the colonies.

Simon was now completely roused. He had always been an intelligent student of the language, interested in the history of words and not content to express his meaning by awkward phrases if he could find out those which the natives employed themselves in preference. He was a very fair Greek scholar also, and his help was not to be despised,

though, unfortunately, his first attempt to explain the meaning of a sentence resulted in a violent attack of coughing. By degrees he became less excited in the work and therefore more sure of succeeding. Every day he helped a little, remembered new words, and explained some colloquialisms over which Eliot had puzzled in vain, while in the matter of right pronunciation his judgment was never astray. One afternoon he lay with his head on a soft cushion, filled with moss by a clever device of Nasutan the servant, and listened to Eliot, who was reading aloud the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah, pausing every now and then to ask if he were distinct. The second time he did this, no answer was given, and he met Simon's eyes fastened on him with a look so unusual that he dropped the page and came nearer, feeling that the

moment for which he had waited so long and so patiently was here at last.

There are very few people who can listen to a confession of sin and difficulty without wounding the spirit which they are trying to help; but Eliot was in no danger of making mistakes. He loved too deeply not to understand readily, and for some time he said very little, but listened to the long-repressed tale of conflict and misery with tenderness which did not need to clothe itself in words. Simon could not tell his story easily; he was too ill, and his wounds were too fresh; but now that his pride had left him, his longing for sympathy was too strong to be controlled, and little by little the history of all that he had suffered was confided to his friend. His chief motive in escaping to the woods seemed to have been

the desire to annoy Endicott, and there was a flash of triumph in his eyes as he said—
“ They would have made a spectacle of me—set me up in their pillory, preached at me from their pulpits ; but they have been miserably disappointed. I have defeated every plan.”

It was true that as soon as he reached the shelter of the forest his longing for death returned, and twice over he told Eliot that he had attempted his own life, but on each occasion his purpose was frustrated by the Indians, who could not grasp the idea that so young a man should wish to die, and supposed his hairbreadth escapes were due to the malevolence of an evil spirit who tried to entangle him in danger. The last time he was bitterly disappointed, and resolved that a third attempt should be suc-

cessful, so he separated himself from his friends and went alone into the woods, where he was unlikely to be seen by any one. All at once, when his last arrangement had been made and he supposed his life was counted by seconds, a thought rushed into his mind, filling it with despair. He was a profound believer in the immortality of the soul, and wished to die merely because his present life was hateful; but as he stood now beneath those whispering forest trees, a sense of God's Presence overwhelmed him, and all at once he felt that the next world might be more intolerable even than this, if, in his disembodied state, he came nearer to the Great Spirit of the Universe, whom he thought he abhorred. There seemed no escape from this terrible thralldom. Wherever he went the mysterious Presence met him,

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Then he gave up the idea of self-murder, and tried to busy himself in various ways. His hopes were all gone, and his soul like the deserted chamber to which the evil spirit returned, bringing seven others with him. Eliot's heart sank as he listened to the history of his life in the forest, and learned the harm he had done to the Indians, showing them that one who professed to worship Christ could be more reckless, more indifferent to good than they. Evil spreads with fearful haste, like fire and pestilence, and he knew that several years of his own labour must have been rendered useless by the things Simon had done; but still, though his work was dear to him, his patience did not give way.

The miserable story was soon to come to an end. In the midst of his troubles Simon had paid no attention to his health, and consumption stole upon him gradually, partly because this wild life was not suited to a man accustomed to civilised ways, but also because he had inherited the seeds of disease from his beautiful mother. As his strength diminished the agony of his mind returned; not to be drowned by excitement as before. It was then that Eliot came to him, undertaking the offices of physician and nurse, and what followed can easily be guessed. It has happened many times before in the history of men, that they have fled all their lives from God as from a black-veiled enemy, until they were forced to turn, and discovered in amazement that the face which they saw was one of love. Eliot made no

attempt to deduce a moral from the tale he heard, only listened with immense sympathy and sorrow. When it was finished he turned to the theme he most loved, and spoke of the mercy which is infinite, and the heart which was poured out in grief for the sins of the world. Simon listened eagerly ; a few weeks past he would not have believed it, but now the heavenly love had found an interpreter, and when Eliot prayed he followed the words with intense earnestness.

“I think it is true what you tell me,” he said at length ; “it *must* be true. I thought once that you would be disgusted when I had told you everything, but you are not ; you care about me still. If I felt sure God loved me only half as much as you do, I should be more than contented.”

Eliot was puzzled to hear this. It was

difficult for him to believe that any one could so blindly misunderstand the Father, and he was quite at a loss to see how his own love, so poor and thin as he felt it in comparison, could ever have served for a revelation of the divine charity which burns for the souls of men.

“My dear boy,” he said, almost shocked, “take care not to lean upon me. I am only a servant, and a very poor one. The true witness of God is Jesus Christ, His Son. ‘He that hath seen Me, hath seen the Father.’”

“But I have never seen Christ,” said Simon, “so I did not understand Him. I thought I hated Him, but it was not Christ I hated; it was these men who pretend to be His disciples. Since I knew you I have been learning what He is like.”

Eliot was still perplexed, but though he could not understand the importance of his own part in the work, he was glad if by any instrument the message of God's love had found its way to Simon's heart, and every day the evidence became clearer that it had done so and been received. His friend was very anxious that he should be brought to forgive Endicott, and sometimes spoke of the duty of passing over offences. He expected to see a great struggle before this was done, but it was far otherwise; very quickly and quietly the Spirit worked, and one by one the things which Christ hates were laid aside, melting away like icicles before the sun. It was so new for Simon to feel himself loved, so sweet in those early days of faith to have something to do as well as suffer for the Lord, that he almost grudged there was nothing

more difficult. Gradually also his friendship for Eliot fell into its right place, as the first object in his mind became the risen Redeemer. He did not question nor torment himself with misgivings. It was all perfectly natural; as if Christ Himself had come into the forest to search for him, because His heart had no rest until the lost one was found.

He was very anxious that Eliot should not put off his journeys nor change his habits of preaching to the people because he was needed as a nurse, and often urged him to go more frequently and stay for longer periods. One day in the month of September Eliot refused to leave him because for several nights he had been unusually ill, but he said it was wrong that the Indians should be neglected and would not allow his own claim to be considered.

"I have done enough to hinder and spoil your work," he said. "Cannot you let me help it?"

Eliot was obliged to promise that he would go, though with many misgivings, and it was arranged at last that he should start early the following morning. That evening Simon lay on his couch near the entrance of the tent, becoming each moment more restless, though his clear apprehension did not leave him, and he sent some messages to Kate, Kezia, and Warren, dwelling very much upon the last. Eliot had never told him of his uncle's death, fearing to cause needless suffering, though he had explained that Rowley was no longer in Massachusetts, and seen the news impart a terrible shock.

All things were prepared for the journey, but in the night the messenger of Death

came to the tent, bringing great anguish with him.

When the sun went down the following day, Simon's spirit had escaped, leaving his mortal part behind like a beautiful but ruined casket, for which its need was over. A number of thoughts pressed upon Eliot, as he watched beside the bed after performing the last services of love with tender, reverent carefulness. There was much that was blessed in his recollections; new trust in God, new insight into Divine mysteries had come to him through his intercourse with Simon, but dark threads mingled with the heavenly glory of these, and made his heart burn with sorrow. How many more lives would be wasted? how many souls led astray before the rulers of Massachusetts learned the true laws of liberty? It was a question he dared

not ask, and when some days later he stood where the sod of the wilderness covered what had once been young manhood rejoicing in its strength, and remembered also those despised graves on the Common at Boston, great horror and anguish laid hold of him because of his people's guilt, and he cried with tears, "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge!"

Years passed and the earth over the graves grew green, while the tree which Eliot planted to mark the spot of Simon's last resting-place became tall and stately, waving its branches among those of the forest, but through all changes the persecution of the Friends continued to rage, and year after year fresh victims were driven homeless from Massachusetts. One more execution disgraced the colony after the death of Mary

Dyar, and only one; from henceforth they satisfied their animosity with the infliction of scourgings and imprisonment. After the Restoration, Charles II. issued a mandate commanding that the trials of the sect should cease, but though for a time he was obeyed, his interest in their cause soon slackened and the old iron rule began once more. Ten years had to pass before the dawn of better things, and then the royal authority intervened again; this time to meet with more enlightened spirits and to accomplish its end.

Meanwhile the settlers in Nantucket had increased and prospered. Many of the persecuted Quakers went out to join them, attracted by the liberty which they extended to all shades of Christian belief, until in time the island became known as a dwelling-place of Friends, whose pure and simple living

gave abundant evidence of the value of their faith. But while the sun of prosperity shone brightly upon them, they remembered the lessons of darker hours. The first voices which were raised against the sin of holding slaves came from the descendants of those who had suffered thus cruelly in the past. The outcasts of liberty remembered the days when they had wandered homeless and forlorn, when their infants had been sold and their wives scourged in public market-places, and they handed down the tale of wrong to their children, not to awaken revenge, but to remind them in their turn to be pitiful, and show mercy.

As early as 1688, the Friends, in their meeting-house at Philadelphia, defended the liberty of the bondsmen. In the year 1716, they sent out the first public protest against

slavery which the world ever listened to from their home in Nantucket. It was followed a few years later by another, and from that time until the battle was won, the Society of Friends never faltered in their allegiance to the cause of the African. Thus the sorrows of an earlier age resulted in the healing of many, and the wisdom which is taught by pain became a nobler inheritance than gold, or silver, or lands.

THE END.

